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HOME LITERATURE AND HOME EDUCATION.

An Address before the Palmetto Lyceum of Charleston, S. C., on Monday Evening, Dec 24th, 1860.

BY EDWIN HERIOT, PRESIDENT OF THE LYCEUM.

Ladies and Gentlemen of Palmetto Lyceum :

WE have assembled this evening to discuss the most interesting question ever submitted to our consideration. Associated for purely literary purposes, we have never turned aside from our path to engage in political debates, or to mingle politics, in any manner, with the more lofty aims and objects of our association. In common with our fellow citizens, we have exercised our right of private judgment on all subjects affecting the welfare of our beloved State, and like them, we have formed our own opinions upon the crisis which has been gradually approaching us. We have been forced to the investigation of the causes which have led to it, and to the conclusions which its actual arrival imposes upon us. The question of State Sovereignty and the right of secession has already been fully discussed for us. It is no longer a debateable question. The authority of this Sovereign State—the highest authority we recognize—has proclaimed in terms not to be misunderstood nor misinterpreted, that *separate State secession is a right inseparable from State Sovereignty!* Organized, as our association is, for *social*, as well as intellectual improvement, there are duties which we owe to *society*, to government, and to each other, which, as good citizens, we cannot fail to recognize. Mere politics, to us, is distasteful, and we have endeavored to keep that subject out of our thoughts and discussions, that we might find here, at evening, after the toils and bustle of the day, an agreeable recreation and relief from the storms of the political world. But the crisis upon which we have now entered has no reference whatever to *local issues*. It is one involving the vast and vital interests of *the whole country*, and especially the destiny of the State we all love and cherish, and no one, be his

sphere or routine of employment what it may, can hesitate to take his part, however humble, in this contest. The two great sections of this country are now to separate, and with them, of course, perish all the unholy alliances which have so long retarded and ruined the prospects of all the institutions and organizations of our own section. One by one, each link in the social chain has snapped asunder. The Church has been rent apart, and all of our benevolent and literary associations, leagues, orders, conventions, synods, conferences and unions, must necessarily yield to the stern necessity of separation. We may congratulate ourselves, that our own entire freedom from any such trammels and obligations, gives us at once the privilege of sole and undivided allegiance to the State, without the disagreeable alternation of sundering fraternal ties of friendship. We have a straight road before us—a simple mission to perform.

For myself, I have long desired to see this day; I have held, as some of you are aware, an official relation to the Federal Government, which the unquestionable duty of paramount allegiance to my native State forbids me longer to maintain. I claim no credit whatever for the sacrifice; it is one from which no true son of South Carolina should shrink, be the consequences what they may. And it is one, too, which the just indignation of an outraged community ought to compel me to make, were I capable of asking to be excused from making it, at such a time, and under such circumstances. Even *could* a South Carolinian be permitted quietly to remain the servant and the minive of the base enemies of his State, to become part and parcel of ~~the~~ machinery of a *depraved, corrupt and perjured* Government, and to enjoy its honors and emoluments, I trust no one will be found so degraded as to avail himself of the *low, mean privilege*. No, gentlemen, I claim no *credit* for acknowledging *my just allegiance to my State*. I have been for many years laboring for her welfare, in my humble sphere, striving to develop her educational and literary resources, so far as my feeble pen can avail; and I have now sacrificed my *bread* in her cause. What is this to the sacrifice of *life*, which she has a right to demand, if needed?

The retirement of our Federal officers is nothing more than a decree of self-banishment from a service which they can no longer perform with honor. But

“What’s banished but set free
From daily contact of the things I loathe.
Banished! I thank them for it;
I held some slack allegiance till this hour,
But now”—

Thank God, I am released from the degrading bondage of serving under an infamous despotism. The most dire necessity can never justify the sacrifice of principle. If I am wrong in thus laying down a principle and line of duty for myself, the recognition of it is not binding upon you, as my colleagues and constituents. Yet, I am persuaded you will acknowledge that I am right, and that the application of the subject of the present crisis to yourselves, which I am about to make, will commend itself to your judgment and approval.

It may be asked, what concern has a literary association like ours with the present aspect of political affairs? *Much*—more than all of us yet realize. We have a great mission to perform for our State and the South. We can do much to assist in developing the resources of both. It is our province to mould the intellectual character of the young men whom we can succeed in bringing under our influence; to promote, as far as lies in our power, the literary progress of the South, and thus to advance the great cause of education. And we must do this with strict reference to *our ultimate independence of foreign aid and our total dependence upon ourselves* for our books and teachers. If we are really in earnest, in our universal adoption of the maxim that "*The South must govern the South*," it is not only in a political sense that we are to carry out its spirit. *We must have a Literature of our own*—a Home literature—Home Education must be our steady aim, and if the South must govern the South, *politically*, she must do it *in all other respects*. Her literature—her institutions of learning—the training of her sons who are to be her future rulers—of her daughters, the future mothers of the republic—*must be under the management of the faithful and tried sons and daughters of her own precious soil*.

Our young men must be persuaded to feel that to them the future destiny of the State is to be committed. Our young women must realize, that according to the influence they exert, so will the characters of the young men be moulded. Our citizens should all recognize the truth that each one has a special duty to discharge, a certain degree of influence, which he is bound to bring to its performance.

For the present condition of affairs in our country, we are not responsible. We have done everything in our power, consistently with honor, to preserve the bond of union with our northern neighbors. It is not *we* but *they* who have sown the whirlwind, and it is they who have principally reaped the storm.

We have had wrongs

"To stir a fever in the blood of age,
And make the infant's sinews strong as steel."

We have petitioned, remonstrated, supplicated,—but they have

turned a deaf ear to our remonstrances, and now, after having dugged a pit for us, they have unwittingly fallen into the midst of it themselves. Famine with all its horrors is already raising its dreadful head, craving relief from its accumulating miseries. War, in the hideous shape of agrarianism, will soon level the wide distinctions so long existing between pampered capital and ill-remunerated labor. Soon they will see pestilence stalking through their streets at mid-day side by side with poverty and drunkenness and insanity—in subordination and riot defying all claims of law and order.

“Wan Treachery with his thirsty dagger drawn,
Naked Rébellion, with his torch and axe,
Making wild sport among their blazing hearths,
Till Anarchy come down on them like night,
And massacre seals their eternal grave.”

We have only yielded to the stern necessity they have imposed upon us, and we are more equal to the crisis than they. Able pens among us have shown conclusively that in all practical resources, for the attainment of national prosperity and wealth, we are far ahead of our northern brethren. The idea that they surpass us in *educational* advantages is a sheer delusion! They may beat us in mental arithmetic, and leave us far behind in the arts of gymnastics and pantomime, which are so liberally interwoven with their incomparable (?) systems of public education. We may even have been under the necessity of sending to them for teachers to instruct our own in these important appendages of a finished education! and under the influence of the same childish distrust of our own abilities, we have long acknowledged our dependence upon them for the very text-books used in our schools. Some of these have contained the wildest abolition sentiments, and yet have been permitted to remain as text-books until accidentally exposed and ostracised. We have now entered upon a new era in education and literature, and it is to be hoped these abuses will no longer be suffered to cast odium upon us. Why should we be dependent upon others for our school books? Cannot the erudite Professors in our colleges and military academies, teachers in our high schools, and private schools, supply us in every department with whatever books we need? Are not our historians and biographers, Simms, Carroll, Rivers, O'Neill, Laborde, Moore, Logan and others whose labors have illustrated the times and the men of Carolina, constantly engaged in searching and developing the records of the past? May not our gifted young student of political economy, whose writings on diplomacy have elicited the attention of wise statesmen, still serve the State for which he has abandoned his late connection with the sages of the Cabinet at Washington? Surely we have orators enough among us to supercede the innumerable fifth-rate “select speeches” of

"American first-class books" and "United States speakers." Who have written better school books for the young, than the accomplished wife and daughter of the lamented scholar and divine whose name is still recognized in our community as a synonyme of benevolence, meekness, and zeal in good works, of chaste scholarship, and of affability and amiability in social intercourse? Who will say that the fire of poetry burns so dimly on our Southern hearth that we must draw our inspiration from the versifiers of Yankeedom who advertise to write obituary notices in poetry, and manufacture puffs to suit circumstances "*for a consideration?*" Why may we not read with pleasure the published writings of Hayne and Timrod, and Davidson, and Martin, and Requier—the delicate effusions of "Caroline Howard," and the authoress of "the Huguenot Daughters;" of Misses Lee, Moise and Cheesborough, "May" and "Viola," "Alton," and "Willie Lightheart," the lamented Caldwell and Legare, Holland, Crafts, Farmer, Fraser, Gilman, and a host of minstrels whose nom de plumes or initials are familiar to us. Why are the labors of our own Holbrook and Bachman and Holmes and Gibbes, in science—of Geddings and Michel and Dickson, in medicine—of Richardson, Bellingier, Conner and Flagg, in law—of Thornwell, Barnwell and Girardeau, in divinity, good evidences of the standing of our State in professional talent? And as to *the press*—that of the north, ably conducted as many of its principal organs may be, can bear no comparison in dignity and decorum, and regard for the courtesies of society to those of our own Palmetto city, where such men as Elliott and Gadsden and Rhett, Cardozo, Carlisle, Bird, Bruns, and the accomplished editors of our religious weeklies give tone to its discussions. Our teachers are a body of well educated, intelligent gentlemen, as unlike the northern pedagogue, of whom "Ichabod Crane" is a genuine and truthful exponent, as the respective countries from which, they hail are unlike each other. One has written an admirable catechism of history which is now a recognized text-book—another is at work on a geography which must soon meet a like reception—and a third will soon issue a complete work on the tasteful art of penmanship which will take the place of all now in use. I speak now altogether of the sons and daughters of our own State.

When we come to look over the wide expanse of *the whole South*—what a noble spectacle is presented of genius—of talent and learning—which while we were connected with the North, lay completely overshadowed by the superior brilliancy of yankee tact and ingenuity—by the wonderful faculty enjoyed by our more cunning neighbors of doing a very large business on very small capital. How many a

flower of the "sunny South," "born to blush unseen," has been "wasting its sweetness on the desert air," while mere weeds and brambles have been carefully watered and fostered in the cabbage-gardens of the North and palmed off upon the unsuspecting for sensitive plants, and flowering shrubs. How many Yankee rhyme-jinglers and penny-a-liners of both sexes have managed to deceive Southern readers of such gigantic humbugs as the "New York Ledger," and the extensive brotherhood of silly pictorials, with the idea that they are reading the productions of poets and essayists, while our Southern ladies who would not condescend to use the language of these sensation-romances are seldom, if ever, successful competitors for the premiums they offer.

The time has now come when *home-talent* must be developed and fostered—and while the literary associations of our State shall do all in their power towards this end for the South, it behooves them to begin the reform more immediately *at home*. Our own mother demands our *first service*—*let us do our duty to her*—and this will prepare us for more extensive labors in the cause. Our association has already placed before the community the results of the scientific and literary researches of some of our best scholars in the admirable series of lectures to which we have recently listened.

Let us then, gentlemen, go on in our efforts to promote the interests of our cherished State in the sphere in which we have chosen to serve her. She will look to you as her sons, to be the guardians of her reputation, and if necessity should compel her to ask a transfer of services from the halls of debate, to another less peaceful arena, there can be no doubt that you will answer that call as readily as the bravest, and the noisiest, and the proudest of your fellow citizens.

A GOOD SPECULATION.—Antiquarians may derive encouragement from the following incident:

"Recently there was sold in Paris, by the Sheriff's officer, a large parcel of old books, very dusty and very dirty. The fortunate buyer of the lot, for two francs, found among the books one of extreme rarity, the first printed book in which is found the marvellous genealogy of Francis I., who is shown to be descended in a direct line, through sixty-four generations, from Hector, son of Priam. The book is said to have been immediately sold to an English amateur for five hundred francs."

THE HELM.

BY MATILDA EDWARDS.

When over the waters
The dark billows swell,
And storm-clouds are round us
We know "It is well,"
For though the wild billows
Our bark may o'erwhelm,
We know that our Father
Is awake at the helm.

He will bring us in safely
Across the wild deep—
The eye watching o'er us
Cannot slumber or sleep.
He will bring us at last
To his own blessed realm,
Oh! we know that our Father
Is awake at the helm.

WASHINGTON CITY.

MY NELLIE.

Thou dearest idol of my loving heart,
How calmly can I sit and watch thy sleep,
While, free from guile and evil as thou art,
Spirits of light o'er thee their vigils keep;
And in thy dreams, thy thoughts on him will rest,
Whose faithful heart is firmly linked with thine,
Whom with thy chaste devotion thou hast blessed,
And who will ever proudly call thee "MINE."
Nature has done all for thee—thou lovely one,
Sweet type of Innocence and Purity.
Oh! may thy walk through Life, so well begun,
Be ever from its ills and sufferings free;
May the bright angels guard thy gentle head,
And soothe the throbbings of thy aching brow;
True friends around thy path their offerings spread,
And gaze on thee with love—as I do now.

CLAUDE.

CARRIE HERBERT, OR THE FORCED MARRIAGE.

CHAPTER FIRST.

What language speaks thy dark eye?
Is it of weal or woe?

I have been spending some time with my old village friend, Charlie Clifton, in the gay city of N——; we had been friends from boyhood and still at the age of twenty-four, our friendship was unabated.

A frank and loyal fellow was Clifton, possessing not only physical beauty but true nobility of soul. Charlie had a sister, reader, with large, tender eyes and dark silky hair—a fine creature to be loved by man—a gentle being to adorn and beautify home.

A few days before Christmas, as Charlie and I sat in our room, with feet propped *a la* American, and cigar in our mouths, puffing away most furiously, a neatly folded note was placed in the hands of Clifton.

“By Jove! who is this from?” and opening it hastily, he glanced at its contents. The note was slowly folded and placed on the table; it was directed by an accomplished writer—that I knew by the slight glimpse I caught of it as he was reading.

“Why, Clifton, old fellow,” I cried in a gay voice, “come tell me the name of this fair writer—is it your lady-love?” Speak out man.

“Yes, I will tell you who she is,” and there was a tingle of deep sadness in his manly voice.

“She is not my affianced wife, as you seem to think—but the wife of Monsieur K——”

“What!” said I, in a still bantering tone, “receiving notes from another man’s wife. Worse and worse, take care, Clifton, you don’t get a bullet in your heart some day.”

My light tone seemed to give pain, yet he only answered me in a grave quiet way.

“It is from Madame K—— and relates to the grand festival to be given at the Academy on Christmas Eve. She and my sister are intimate friends; they were schoolmates.”

"And my friend too," he replied, "yet it is her own fault that she is my loved and adored wife."

His head sunk on his breast, and he shaded his face. I felt that I had touched with too rude a hand, perhaps some tender chord.

Presently he aroused himself, and in a voice of forced gayety said: "Listen, and I will tell you the secret from the beginning to the end."

I wheeled my chair around and was preparing to listen to a long story of unregretted love, when he said:

"The beginning and the end of it is, I loved her truly, and was about to propose, when she quieted me by saying: 'I know, Charlie, you love me, but do not tell me so, for I love another; we are dear to each other, however, so let us be friends; and she frankly extended her hand.'"

I looked at my friend in astonishment—was he playing off on me? were his words in mocking?

Yet it could not be—there was too painful an expression in his face.

"And the one she loved was her husband—Monsieur R——?" I asked.

"Far, far from it," said Clifton in a subdued voice, "it was Courtney—Reginald Courtney, one of the greatest of men."

"There seems to be mystery somewhere, Charlie: Tell me where it is."

"Not now, Hal. for heaven's sake, not now! some day I may weave you a romance of the affair, or my sister may tell you some of it. Yet the tragedy is not yet played out. Mark my words, the play is going on pretty bravely I believe."

"You speak lightly," said I as he arose and walked the floor.

He came close, very closely to me, and his face was quite white as he said:

"Sometimes one speaks lightly to hide deeper feelings."

"Will you attend this festival, Charlie," I asked.

"Attend! why as a matter of course; and you too, for Madame R. will be there, and my sister Mattie."

"Is Courtney here? How long has she been married?" I felt a deep interest in Madame R. which I could not easily conceal.

"She has been married two years, and how changed she is. She has not met Courtney since her marriage, I do not know where he at present is. But come let us take a drive I feel stifled in the close atmosphere of this room."

He did really look pale. So taking our *chapeaus*, we started out to

ride. It was a glorious day, and the prancing steeds kept time to the music of the tinkling bells. The earth was one sheet of frozen snow, and the sunbeams fell on the hard crusted surface in millions of diamonds. Our sleigh flew over the hard earth, the wind was cold and bracing, but not keen or disagreeable for we were handsomely equipped, and comfortably wrapped in buffalo robes. We passed a number of sleighs, some gaily fitted up, others plain—yet so easy and so comfortable.

Clifton did not say a word, but held hard the reins. The bracing air was beneficial to him, I saw, for his cheeks glowed, and his eyes sparkled brightly.

His was a strong and noble nature. As I sat beside him I wondered how he could so master his feelings—so subdue and control the struggles of the spirit. We are a strange set—we men—at the best; some bow beneath the weight of despair and end their days; others die, though rarely; and others looking up to the star of faith press nobly on. What though, temptation assail them; what if obstacles rise up; what matters it if their evil genius whisper dark and terrible things to them—they listen not: but, with faith in their hearts, turn to the other comforting spirit, and they feel peace gradually steal over their dark and stormy souls—and low, faint promises rise to their memory, spoken by divine lips: “Call on me in the day of trouble and I will hearken unto you.” Their faith and trust is in Him the Great “I am.”

The day for the festival arrived, and evening found us there, a blaze of light and beauty dazzled our eyes as we entered the wide and magnificent hall.

It was near eleven o'clock, or rather near twelve. There was a stir at the doors, and the dense crowd gave way. Involuntarily I lifted my eyes. They fell upon a lady of commanding stature. Her figure was perfect in its mould. Pearls glittered through the richly braided hair. I could not catch the roving eye, but a shudder passed me as I gazed. The face was pale, and now that the eyes were raised I felt a little disappointed. They were dull, very dull, and to me wore no expression save stolid indifference.

She was lost in the crowd ere I had time to ask my friend her name.

“Well, this is poor fun,” yawned Charlie, “I must reconnoitre a little, to find my sister, and ascertain why her friend does not grace this scene so gay.”

We started arm in arm and after much elbowing succeeded in reaching our party,

Several gentlemen and ladies surrounded Mattie Clifton, but we

had the good fortune to catch her eye, and observing her brother beckoning to her, she was soon with us.

"Why sister, mine, what on earth has become of Carrie, is she not coming?"

"She is here already," said the girl, "have you not met her? she left me not five minutes ago."

"Let us go," said I "perhaps we may yet overtake her."

"*Au revoir*," said Mattie as we turned and left her.

We had searched sometime in the crowd, and I began to weary and was on the point of proposing to Clifton to give it up when the same lady I had seen an hour ago, swept by me. For one second her full orbs rested on me—I started—what was there in that burning glance? I knew not—I was spell bound. She glided on. I awoke as from a dream, and saw my friend grasp her hand. Then they too sauntered away and left me to my reflections. There was to me a peculiar charm about that proud and haughty woman for which I could not account, and I gazed on her until the crowd hid her from me.

She seemed very animated, and the eyes that on first sight appeared so dull and expressionless were brilliant in their flash of beauty. Every movement was replete with grace. She did not walk, but floated, spirit-like away. What could have made her so brilliantly beautiful now?

Was it the sight of my friend? It could not be *that*, though seeing him may have added a new lustre to her eyes—and a happier feeling to her heart. I was lost in conjecture, my mind was in a mazy labyrinth out of which I knew not how to extricate myself.

The lady leant on the arm of an old man near sixty years of age, before taking the arm of my friend, which she immediately relinquished, *intentionally*, perhaps *unintentionally*.

On rejoining Mattie, I found him seated by her, talking, while she listened with her habitual politeness, for Mattie Clifton was too sweet a girl to be guilty of rudeness, even to those whose presence was not agreeable to her.

I approached and was introduced to him.

Monsieur R——, I whispered lowly to myself. Preposterous! May and December, truly. I was not prepossessed in his favor, yet I scanned him closely.

His complexion reminded me of old parchment. It was very shriveled, also. He had those pale, coldly gleaming eyes that express, nothing, in fact. He must have been fully sixty, and she was scarce twenty. "And such things can be, I mentally exclaimed. She is certainly a wretched, broken hearted woman."

Mattie and I sat alone. I was glad he had left, for I did not admire his looks or conversation.

"Harry," exclaimed the sweet accents of Mattie, "look over nearly opposite to us!"

I looked in the direction she specified, and saw a tall, distinguished looking stranger—he leaned against one of the side columns of the saloon. There was a cold and bitter smile on his lips, and a deeply mournful look in his large fine eyes.

Slowly he glanced around the room, then suddenly he started and a frown dark and heavy contracted his brow.

I followed his glance, it fell on Madame R—— and her husband.

"That," said I, turning to Mattie, "is Mr. Courtney?"

She bowed her head in the affirmative.

Eagerly I watched Madame R—— and Courtney. She had not as yet seen him.

She was gay—painfully gay. She conversed and laughed incessantly as if in dread of silence.

It was past one o'clock; all was still life and gayety, though many had left the crowded halls.

Madame R—— was turning to depart. As she turned she stood face to face with Courtney, who had in the meantime approached nearer to where she was.

She stood face to face with her former lover. I watched—and as I watched I saw the lips grow marble; I saw the cheek's fading rose; I saw that same cold, dull look come into the eyes, that I had noticed in them when first I beheld her, and then I saw her make one mighty, one stupendous effort at rallying. It would not do—the shock, the excitement, was too great—she was borne to her carriage. We hurried home, I felt so greatly oppressed that even the cold night air was by me unfelt.

"He saw her, said Clifton to me," and I thought there was madness in his eyes; never beheld I such a look—a lightning flash of something indescribable shot from them.

I was called to my old Georgia home the next day on business, and so leaving my friends I was on the eve of starting when Clifton put in my hands a roll of papers.

"Madame R—— is very ill," said he; "my sister is with her, but left her love and good-bye to you Hal." His face wore a very serious look and he spoke in a deep quiet voice.

"Don't forget, Hal, to return to us very soon," he added, striving to look more cheerful, poor fellow; "we will miss you much, and my sister says, hasten your return."

This last was enough for me, and so I vowed to be with them in a few weeks. But "man proposes and God disposes." I was engaged in the intricacies of law—and soon found that having the public to please, and not myself, I could not return to the Cliftons as soon as I had intended.

I was sitting in my office alone, one stormy night, thinking of a case I had in hands which was to come off next week. My sanctum, dear reader, is that of a young bachelor, and of course fitted up accordingly. (Pardon the digression, courteous reader.) Well, I was sitting alone in my easy chair by the fire, when the roll of papers Charlie Clifton had placed in my hands, on parting with me, occurred to my musing mind, and I wondered what their contents were.

As a general thing, dear reader, I am not of an inquisitive turn of mind, yet it did strike me to get up and go to my valise for that very same roll of papers.

I arose, and after stretching my great long limbs, looking out of my window into the dark tempestuous night, I opened the valise and found the roll. Then, letting on more gas, I took my easy seat, exclaiming, "some old dusty law papers I suppose." I opened them and a pleasant surprise greeted me. The papers were few, and, it seemed, quite a slight sketch. It began:

"Carrie Herbert was left an orphan at an early age. She was placed with a wealthy aunt, who was a cold, scheming woman of the world, in the full sense of the term; no half way worldly woman, but one of the real genuine sort." Carrie had been reared in wealth and luxury, and it was a dreadful blow to her when her father died insolvent. She was again surrounded by wealth when she became an inmate of her aunt's house. Yet she was made to feel that it was on Mrs. Duncan's bounty she lived, and often her heart would swell in bitterness.

Mrs. Duncan was kind, so far as it was for her interest to be so, and no further; of a stern, forbidding disposition. She was not loved, though her birth and wealth placed her in a station that it seemed impossible to deprive her of. She was incapable of any deep or tender emotions; her heart was dead to everything save lucre and position.

Such was the relative with whom the bright and lovely Carrie was placed.

Her aunt's house was the resort of all the gay and fashionable ones of N. Among those who frequented Mrs. Duncan's was Reginald Courtney, a poor but eminent lawyer. He was tall, very stylish in his appearance, possessing a brilliant intellect, with a heart of the

noblest sentiments. His health was very delicate, though he was seldom confined to his room. Some thought he had disease of the heart, yet his physician never would say whether it was his heart or lungs.

To see Carrie Herbert, to be in her society daily, to watch the varying expression of her lovely face, to hear her rich thrilling voice, was to love her. Courtney soon loved her. Yet *his* was a nature sensitively proud as her's. He loved, and at a distance he worshipped. No one knew of the secret germ of love as it sprung into existence in his heart, not even Carrie herself.

Months passed; suitors bowed before her, but coldly she turned from them all—it was with pain she beheld Courtney keep aloof. Cold and indifferent as she deemed him, she felt he was the only one she could yield up her heart to. Proudly she met him, but not more proud than he. His sensitive nature shrank from what the world might say concerning him, if he told his love, for fear of having it said, “that he was courting the *heiress* of Mrs. Duncan.”

How much we fear the world; 'twas a thousand times better for our own happiness if we acted according to the precepts of Christ and an approving conscience, than to be so ruled, so guided by *the world*, that makes us very slaves to its tyrannical and arbitrary laws and regulations.

One night—it was a soft, still night—Carrie left the saloons which were filled with gay persons, and walked out into the adjoining grounds—a flush was on her face, and a shadow on her young heart, for *he* was not there. Slowly she threaded the broad walks. Reaching an arbor, she threw herself on a seat and sighed heavily, the sigh was echoed, and Reginald stood before her.

She made a faint motion to leave, but with a strong but gentle grasp he held her back, and there in the soft air he poured forth his burning love in terms of passionate energy.

The heiress was forgotten, the world uncared for, as he clasped the lily hand of Carrie Herbert in his own—that fair soft hand now promised unto him.

She listened—the flush died away, and the shadow left the heart, for she was happy in his love. Three months passed; their engagement was kept a profound secret; they concluded to wait sometime ere they married, for Carrie was very young yet—nothing but a child—and then she knew Mrs. Duncan so well, she feared opposition from her.

Courtney wished to be independent of Mrs. Duncan's wealth and determined to make enough to provide a home of comfort if not of

elegance for Carrie, and so he worked, and strove with all his might. Alas! he overtaxed his feeble strength, and the doctor insisted most peremptorily on his seeking health away on the sea shore.

They parted—he to seek health and strength, and she to await his return ere the completion of the happiness she fondly hoped would soon be hers.

It was a source of wonder to Mrs. Duncan that Carrie refused all offers of marriage, so she determined to ascertain the cause. One day she entered the room of her niece and found her in tears, reading a letter. Like a frightened fawn, Carrie strove to hide the paper, but her aunt's cold eyes were on her, and she demanded the letter. It was refused—and in a towering passion Mrs. Duncan left the room. She rang the bell and summoned John, the footman, who came.

"Have you lately delivered any letters to Miss Herbert?" she said keenly scanning the face of the trembling servant.

"Any letters, my lady?"

"So I said, sirrah! speak the truth at once or you lose your place in my house."

He replied in a hesitating voice, "I have delivered letters lately."

"'Tis well. Hereafter you are to bring *all* letters to me first, *to me* you hear?" There was no mistaking the stern emphasis, so the servant bowed and left the room.

"Some foolish love letter no doubt," muttered Mrs. Duncan, "but from whom? ha! time will reveal."

On the following day her conduct was cold and formal to her niece. Mrs. Duncan was seated in her library three weeks after—before her stood a table with law papers and some letters on it. In her aged hand she holds *one little letter*—the address was in a bold hand and to "Miss Carrie Herbert."

"Now will I find out the reason of her tears, and why she rejects all offers of marriage."

She breaks the seal and reads the contents. Her lips grew purple in her rage and a cold, snaky expression shoots from her eyes as she dashes the letter in the glowing fire.

"Thus will I end it all—what, Reginald Courtney pretend to her hand! As I live she shall never marry him. If she does, not one cent of my money goes to her. I will bequeath it all to her cousin William Proctor the little beggar; *this* is why she has refused wealth and station—the proud, stubborn girl—she shall yet obey me."

The door opened and William Proctor entered, and seated himself beside her.

His appearance was handsome, and would have been prepossessing

but for the crafty eye. Their conference was a long one—a smile of satisfaction parted the lips of his aunt as he arose to go.

“Things will go right now, I guess,” she cried as the door closed; “he fancies I intend one-half my fortune for him, and the other half for Carrie. Well! we must employ sharp tools to gain an object, and there are few men sharper than him.”

Carrie had written twice within the last week to Reginald and still no reply had been received. Again and again did she write, and each letter fed the flaming grate in her aunt’s back library.

Two months flew by. Carrie in her distress found consolation in the company of Mattie Clifton—whose presence seemed like some bright spirit to her in her dark and troubled state of mind.

William Proctor sat in his room penning a letter—a dark and sinister smile shaded his face.

“That will do, I think,” said he, pressing the stamp hard down—“that will do—and this is the copy—the copy I will send, the original keep. *Moi belle cousine*, we will then see how the rule works. When Courtney reads this letter from an “unknown friend” methinks he will soon break with Carrie. Ha! ha! “set a thief to catch a thief.” I must have a different post mark from N——, for suspicion might fall on me.”

He had no sooner left the room than a man emerged from a closet, looked cautiously around, then stealing quickly to the table, he grasped the original of the letter as it lay among loose papers, slipped it in his pocket, then peering round carefully again, darted out the back way.

The door opened in a few moments and William Proctor advanced to the table.

“I have mailed my letter and as it’s no use to retain proofs of one’s own villainy, I’ll burn all these loose papers,” and without examining anything he cast them all in a heap into the fire.

“There now, I feel quite relieved, though this one was a small job compared to some others I’ve undertaken.”

At this time there was a millionaire in N——; he became acquainted with Mrs. Duncan, and Carrie attracted him there often. He was very old, and his silvery locks shaded a wrinkled face.

The pride of Mrs. Duncan was greatly gratified as she noted his obvious admiration of her niece, who treated him with queenly disdain. Carrie kept up appearances admirably. It was only when no eye was on her that the proud heart gave way. Even before Mattie she endeavored to be light hearted—but Mattie would throw her loving arms around the struggling girl and say:

"Speak out, dear Carrie—tell me all; think you my eyes are deceived? think you my love for you blinds me to your feelings? Tell me all—it will relieve you. Do not crush it back. I am your friend your loving sister—tell me?"

The proud heart would bow, and words so hopeless fell from her lips as brought tears to Mattie's eyes.

"If he would but write, Mattie—this suspense is terrible—oh, if he would but write—what if he is dead!" and her voice grew hollow; "yet better dead than false."

Monsieur R—— soon began to persecute the young girl with his attentions—often, when he attempted a few words of tenderness, she would look up into his wilted face in mute horror.

Yet he was not to be put off so easily—encouraged and smiled on by the aunt, he little dreamed of opposition in the niece. He looked on her as a capricious child that some bright toy would easily please. His wealth was his favorite theme—Carrie often wished he and his wealth a million miles from her.

He sought to dazzle her eyes, and captivate her fancy by its magnitude. Woman-like she *would not* be dazzled—she *would not* be captivated—he began to despair, when the aunt came in as a mediator.

Seven months of sorrow, since Carrie last heard from her lover, and thirteen since they had parted. To the world she was the same, yet her cheek paled each day.

One cold, dark day Mrs. Duncan entered her room with an open letter in her hands.

"Carrie," said she, "Monsieur R—— has written to me and solicits the honor of your hand."

There was no reply. Carrie sat statue-like.

"I have heard of your foolish fancy for young Courtney, (Carrie looked up) and I believe he has now deserted you, for a few days ago I learned he was to be married." Her eyes scanned the ashen face before her as she uttered this falsehood. Slowly Carrie Herbert sank back, "married?" she cried in a low hushed voice, "is it so? is it true?" and the tearless eyes looked up, oh, so pleadingly, in the hard face of her aunt.

"Yes, it is as I say."

Carrie's eyes now flashed on the trembling woman as she cried,

"Leave me."

"Nay my child 'tis true—would it were false."

"But tell me what answer to send Monsieur R——, he is waiting to know."

"Leave me! go," she cried in a voice so excited that her aunt made a hasty retreat. She sent Monsieur R—— word "to call in a few days and he would be favorably received, by her neice."

I know not by what means she succeeded in wringing a consent from the tortured heart, for succeed she did. Knowing the haughty spirit with which she had to deal, she probably worked on her pride, perhaps she succeeded in forcing the stricken heart to believe in the perfidy of her lover; what means she employed are unknown, but the fatal promise was given and the bridal day drew fastly on. Mrs. Duncan was *determined* her niece should be Madame R—— *and so she was.*

On the day before the wedding Mattie and Carrie were seated together—rich satins and velvets and jewels were scattered in wild confusion over the room.

Dull and marble-like sat Carrie Herbert, but tears were in the eyes of her friend.

"And you will persist in thus sacrificing yourself, Carrie?"

"I cannot draw back—the fatal vows will soon be breathed," was the cold reply of her friend.

"Oh Carrie Herbert, look *once* more before you take those vows—be warned in time—crush not the voice of love—be true to yourself, and as you value your soul's existence, make not this dark and terrible sacrifice."

"Call you it a sacrifice? why, the world looks on and says, smilingly, *a most brilliant match—she is poor and will gain wealth, rank, station.* My fetes, my balls, my dress jewels and establishment will be the rage, the talk and marvel of the world," was the bitter rejoinder to Mattie's solemn appeal.

"Speak not to me in that unfeeling voice; I *know* your heart dies in you as you speak."

"Heart! who speaks of hearts in this world of glitter and show. I had one *once*, a long time ago, (how like a groan her sigh,) but it has now turned to a marble tombstone."

"What mean you, Carrie? step back, lost girl, and listen to me. I love you, feel for you; oh, for the sake of our bright friendship retract your promise—go not to the altar of the Most High with your soul weighed by so dark a falsehood—let not those young lips *now* so pure, be sullied by uttering vows your heart sanctions not. Nay, do not turn from me; than by the radiant *memory of your dead parents return*, lost girl, return."

"You plead in vain," was the husky answer, "return, oh! would

to heaven I could ; but all is lost, I dare not turn back now."

"*All is not lost.* Oh ! listen, Carrie, my early, loved friend," and she tenderly wound her arms around that tall, queenly form, now weak and quivering as the shaken reed.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

[APOCRYPHA.]

KINGS OVER SUBJECTS AND WOMEN OVER KINGS.

BY R. C. STEWART.

The king is mighty. He's the lord
Of legions of the vassal horde
Forced to obey.

If he command one nation go
And wages war upon its foe,
They swell the fray.

They kill the foe—themselves are slain,
Nor venture they to render vain
Their king's behest :
If their's the victory, his the spoils,
Nor aught rewards them for their toils
And martial test.

He bids the farmer plant his grain,
And when he shall have reap'd again
What he has sown,
Their duty forces them to bring
Their labor's products to their king,
And homage own.

If his injunctions be to kill,
They execute his ruthless will,
And never spare :
If such be his behest, they blast
And desolate make countries vast
Without repair.

So all obey his stern behest :
He eats and drinks and takes his rest,
And they must stay
And vigil keep around his throne,
Nor leave on duty of their own,
Nor disobey.

But 'tis not kings in royal state,
Nor is it men in numbers great,
Of power extreme;
For it is woman who maintains
O'er kings and all the potent reins
Of rule supreme.

They form our vestments, and impart
The only pleasure to the heart
We can obtain:
Without their all essential hand
This world would be a rueful land
Of men insane!

When silver we accumulate,
Or gold, or else of value great,
We're sure to go,
And on some beauteous maiden wise,
With mouth agape and raptur'd eyes,
Our wreath bestow.

When we some debonair admire,
We leave our kindred and our sire,
With her to be;
No cares disturb our tranquil life—
We have no thoughts but of our wife—
From all else free.

We go our ways to rob and steal—
On streams and oceans vast to sail—
And distant rove;
And when we terminate our toils,
With heart elate, present the spoils
Unto our love.

Oft monarchs have lunatic gone,
And horrid deeds of crime have done
For damsels fair:
Yea; they have often peril'd life
To win a charming little wife,
Their thrones to share.

The crown, of yore, Apame took
From off the monarch's head and strook
His ugly face:
He did but ope his mouth and stare,
Nor did he deem the slap unfair,
Nor a disgrace.

Whene'er she smiled upon the king,
The monarch did the self-same thing,
With humble mein:

If she displeasure took, he fain
Would eulogize in pleasing strain,
Her love to win.

The monarch ever thus maintains
O'er kingdoms vast, despotic reins,
With god-like vim;
And feels the world must him obey,
'Till woman comes with stronger sway,
And governs him.

CLARENDON, ARK., MAY 27.

THE BIBLE.

BY M. S. B. DANA SHINDLER.

Oh God! I bless thee for thy Word,
I clasp it to my breast;
Of all thy glorious gifts to man,
The noblest and the best!

When I am idling on life's road,
And danger walks abroad,
It thunders in my startling ear—
"Prepare to meet thy God!"

When far I stray, its beacon light
Shines through the gloom afar;
And when I turn the other way,
'Tis there—my polar star!

I glory in thy promises
Where sorrows rend the breast,
And thus, when thinking on the Word,
My griefs are calmed to rest.

In silent watches of the night
I sing upon my bed
While gently on its pillowed rest
Reclines my weary head.

Father! I'll take thy blessed Word,
And clasp it to my breast;
Of all thy glorious gifts to man
The noblest, and the best!

FEMALE INSTITUTE, RIPLEY, TENN.

CLAUDINE.

BY ADRIENNE.

CHAPTER SEVENTH.

Kate Berrien sought her chamber that night in an agony of jealousy. "Mamma, (she almost hissed the word) that girl is the Marah of my life! To think that I should have been doomed to hear her cold rejection of *his* suit!"

"O, my child! do compose yourself," said the fond mother, bending over her trembling form. "It is well for you that she did, if you love him."

"Think you I would marry *her* discarded lover? No! I would die rather!" and she shrieked the names of Grey Carroll and Lottie Linwood until Mrs. Berrien feared the consequences of her agitation.

Clifford and Claudine parted that night without an introduction, and without having exchanged any other words than each other's names. Mr. Howard sought Lottie on the veranda, and Clifford silently released her. During the ride home and throughout the next morning Lottie made no allusion to their interview, nor did Mrs. Howard refer to the pleasant acquaintance she had formed at Mrs. Berrien's.

Lottie's anxiety to ascertain the name of her lover was intense. After dinner the ladies were discussing the events of the previous evening, while Mr. Howard looked over the afternoon papers.

"Miss Lottie," he said, "your *debut* is announced in the Post in this wise: "We understand from undoubted authority that "Claudine," our distinguished authoress, made her *debut* last evening at a private party given by Mrs. B—— and is none other than the daughter of our late accomplished townsman, Charles Linwood, Esq. Miss L., until recently, has been the *protege* of Thomas C., Esq., but last evening she was *chaperoned* by Mrs. James H——. We also learn that the Georgia poet——"

"*Protege*, indeed!" interposed Mrs. Howard. "That's a piece of Grey's information."

Here a servant handed Mrs. Howard a card.

"And pray who may this Mr. Clermont be?" she said glancing at the name. "Lottie, go and speak to him, will you? I have an engagement to go out this afternoon, and if it proves to be that Sewing Machine agent, say I can't attend to him now, and ask him please to call again."

She had passed the card to her husband, "Clifford Clermont!" he read—"A man no less distinguished in the political than the literary world."

"Is he? Then perhaps we may see our Lottie grace the White House yet," and the lady was convulsed with laughter at the success of her plot.

But Lottie had gone. The gentleman was nearly concealed by the heavy folds of the damask curtain. His face was turned from the door, and Lottie entered the parlor so noiselessly that he did not perceive her until she spoke.

"Mrs. Howard is engaged, sir, and desires to be excused. Can I represent her?"

He rose and emerged from the shadow, and Lottie recognized Clifford!

Notwithstanding her "engagement," Mrs. Howard made her appearance about an hour later, accompanied by her husband. Mr. Clermont was so agreeably entertained that he accepted their invitation to remain to tea. Before leaving he made an appointment to drive out with Lottie early the next morning.

"Tell me something of your little boy," said Lottie during the ride. "Clinton you call him, I believe? Does he resemble his father?"

"Not in the least. He bears a strong likeness of his mother's family, and particularly to his brother, Henry Clinton."

"Henry Clinton!" echoed Lottie, with flushing cheeks and flashing eyes.

"Yes, Henry Clinton. Had you a childish passion for him?" asked Mr. Clermont.

"No. I never had transient fancy for any other than yourself. But why do you ask, Mr. Clermont?"

"Because you were his first love, Miss Linwood."

"Well, we did, I suppose, entertain a brother-and-sister affection for each other, but nothing more."

"You would have thought it something more on his part," the gentleman remarked, "had you have seen his emotion when I just showed him your daguerreotype. He admitted that he had once loved you, and said he had addressed you by letter, but never had received any answer."

"Because I never received them. Did he give you my name?"

"No—~~nor~~ the least information regarding you. I remained in ignorance of that, and everything concerning you till last night, when Mrs. Howard told me."

"We will stop here, Mr. Clermont, if you please," said the lady, as they were approaching a handsome country residence.

"Rather an unseasonable hour for a visit, Miss Linwood, but I am subject to your majesty's behests."

He stopped and assisted her to alight. They were met at the gate by an old woman with whom Lottie seemed acquainted.

"Well, Miss Lottie," said the negro, "You didn't fetch Miss Miller wid you dis time. But come in, I'se got a welcome for any o' your friends."

"So your mistress has gone to the North, I hear," said Lottie, entering.

"Yes, mum; childrun and all. But you can git in de house. I got de key."

"Thank you, aunty. We only wished to see the grounds."

"But you must stop and rest yourself. You can walk round to de graveyard fust, and den come in."

Arm in arm Mr. Clermont and Lottie proceeded in the direction indicated, and the servant went into the kitchen for the key.

Mr. Clermont saw "Linwood" on the gate of the inclosure, and he needed not to be told that this was the sepulchre of Lottie's loved and lost. Yes, there was the marble shaft which she had pledged herself to erect over her father,—no less spotless in its purity than his reputation. Lottie's powers of association were so great that she was much affected, and Mr. Clermont led her away to the house. The doors were open and at his suggestion they entered.

"So this spacious mansion was your childhood's home," observed he. "How would you like to own it again?"

"It was once a cherished hope of mine to redeem it from the hand of strangers, but it has become such a wreck that since I have possessed the ability I have lost the inclination," she said sorrowfully.

"It shall be restored to its pristine beauty, and to *you*, if you say so."

"No. I should prefer your home to any other. I would be happy then."

He pressed her hand with gratitude for the preference, and bidding adieu to their hostess whom they met at the door, they returned towards the city.

Day after day and night after night found Mr. Clermont an en-

tranced visitor at Mr. Howard's, hovering near his beloved. Charmed by the earnestness and simplicity of her character, fascinated by her grace and beauty, he deemed it almost impossible to exist away from her presence. He hung with rapture on her words and was never quite so near the perfection of happiness as when, in her low musical tones, she was repeating or reading some passage from one of his favorite poets.

"At first Lottie's happiness appeared of so shadowy and unusual a type that she feared lest she should awake some morning and find the charm dissolved; but as days lengthened into weeks and the dream was still unbroken she began to realize that there was substantial pleasure on earth. The more she saw of the character of her betrothed the more was she persuaded that he was a paragon of all that was truly noble and good; and she loved him with all the strength of her womanly nature.

Mr. Clermont's personal appearance was more than handsome—it was *striking*. Once seen it could never be forgotten. He was tall and elegantly built—erect and dark as an Indian. His hair and whiskers were black as the raven's wing, and the contour of his features bold, rather than regular. In walking he elevated his head, expanded his broad chest and trod with a firm, haughty step. His *tout ensemble* as well as his courtly bearing constituted him a worthy representative of the chivalry of the sunny South.

It was a cold dull evening in May. The rain fell in torrents and there was no prospect of callers—not even Mr. Clermont. The gas was burning brightly in the library, in which Lottie sat alone deeply absorbed in a volume of poems. Mr. Clermont entered unannounced and unobserved. He stepped up behind her and pressed his bearded lip to her forehead. It was love's first kiss, and Lottie blushed very deeply.

"Why, Mr. Clermont!" she exclaimed surprised but not displeased. "That is an exhibition of gallantry I least expected from your grace."

"And why not, Miss Linwood? The romance of life is not yet passed with me—I hope it never will be. But what have you here? Who commands your heart's worship to-night?" And he placed himself beside her.

"The wild, weird genius of Poe; but I must confess to a want of appreciation of his poetry, except such gems as "The Bells," "Lenore" and "The Raven." *They*, I believe, are familiar as household words with every body, nowadays."

"In my opinion," said Clermont, "his 'Essay on the Poetic Principle' is worth all the poetry he ever wrote. Did you ever peruse it?"

"Not that I recollect. I do not often consult him."

"Then you have never seen it. It would ring in your memory forever, if you had. Give me those other volumes, and let me find it for you. You will oblige me by reading the whole at your leisure, Miss Linwood, and will thank me for commending it to your notice. Just read this paragraph for me now, if you please."

"Excuse me, Mr. Clermont. I would prefer that you should, as I have never yet enjoyed the pleasure of hearing *you* read." He immediately complied :

"We shall reach, however, more immediately a distinct conception of what the true poetry is, by mere reference to a few of the simple elements which induce in the poet himself the true poetical effect. He recognizes the ambrosia which nourishes his soul, in the bright orbs that shine in Heaven—in the volutes of the flower—in the clustering of low shrubberies—in the waving of the grain fields—in the slanting of tall Eastern trees—in the blue distance of mountains—in the grouping of clouds—in the twinkling of half hidden brooks—in the repose of sequestered lakes—in the star-mirroring depths of lonely wells—in the gleaming of silver rivers. He perceives it in the song of birds—in the harp of Æolus—in the sighing of the night wind—in the repining voice of the forest—in the surf that complains to the shore—in the fresh breath of the words—in the scent of the violet—in the voluptuous perfume of the hyacinth—in the suggestive odor that comes to him, at eventide, from far distant, undiscovered islands, over dim oceans illimitable and unexplored. He owns it in all noble thoughts—in all unworldly motives—in all holy impulses—in all chivalrous, generous, and self-sacrificing deeds. He feels it in the beauty of woman—in the grace of her step—in the lustre of her eye—in the melody of her voice—in her soft laughter—in her sigh—in the harmony of the rustling of her robes. He deeply feels it in her winning endearments—in her burning enthusiasms—in her gentle charities—in her meek and devotional endurances but; above all—ah, far above all—he kneels to it, he worships it in the faith, in the purity, in the strength, in the altogether divine majesty—of her *love*."

His full, mellow tones thrilled her very soul, and she dropped her dewy eyes beneath his burning gaze.

"You are a good elocutionist, Mr. Clermont," she said with one of her rainbow smiles; after a moment's pause; "and I—an appreciative auditor,—appreciative even to tears," and she brushed them from her eyes.

"A confirmation of the truth of our author's assertion, that Beauty, of whatever kind, in its supreme development, invariably excites the sensitive soul to tears," and that a 'certain taint of sadness is inseparably connected with all the higher manifestations of true Beauty.'"

"Good evening, Mr. Clermont," said Mrs. Howard entering. "Excuse my intrusion. I thought Lottie was alone."

"It is no intrusion, madam," returned Mr. Clermont. "We were only canvassing Poe."

"Yes I discovered long since that you were exceedingly *Poe-etical*."

"Quite an equivocal compliment," observed Lottie laughing.

"By which I may understand that I stand charged with plagiarism," and he joined in the laugh at his expense.

"Why, are not all of your ecstatic, eccentric, erratic fraternity poetical? Mr. Clermont, is lunacy hereditary in your family?"

"No, madam," responded the astonished Mr. Clermont.

"Then you are not *all* the children of Poesy?"

A loud cry, proceeding from the nursery, hurried Mrs. Howard thither.

"Mrs. Howard's error is not an uncommon one, with those not themselves possessed of the 'divine afflatus,' " said Clermont, and his excessive merriment over her *thrust*, might well have inclined her to distrust *his* sanity.

"Her belief is not without authority," answered his companion. I have seen it affirmed by some distinguished writer, I forgot whom, that poetry *is* a species of madness."

Lottie expected a vindication, and Clermont sat for some moments wrapped in thought.

"Why so pensive, Mr. Clermont?" asked she, breaking the silence.

"I was thinking of our approaching separation. To-morrow I must leave you."

"What! so soon? You should have prepared me for this," she said sadly.

"I have already lingered much longer than I intended, and to-day I received a telegram from one of my clients which compels me to return forthwith. Please to inform Mr. and Mrs. Howard of my intention. I leave by the evening train, and should like to see them before I go."

Lottie soon re-appeared with her friends. They very considerably sat but a few moments and retired. After bidding him adieu, the lady looked back to say: "Lottie can show you the door when you wish to withdraw, Mr. Clermont," which that young lady did. What transpired then, we leave to the reader's imagination. They met no more until Clifford came to claim the fulfilment of his engagement,—the hand of his lovely bride.

CHAPTER EIGHTH.

"I know not, love, where heaven may be—
With us 'tis now begun;
I learn celestial good from thee,
On earth our souls are one;
And being one in this dim way,
Where faith so oft hath striven,
When love no more shall weep and pray,
We must be one in heaven."

Helpenstein

It was a pleasant morning in December; one of those balmy days of Indian Summer when we feel with the poet, that "life simply is luxury." Though there was no silvery chime from the belfry without to call the worshipers to their orisons, the splendid Gothic edifice was crowded to excess, and the heavy doors still creaked on their hinges as others were admitted within the consecrated walls. The rich evergreens which festooned the oak mouldings and arches and the bronze pillars, were scarcely discernible in the "dim religious light," which struggled into the church.

The old minister stood beneath the pulpit, *waiting*. Presently down the broad aisle, Lottie Linwood advanced with a slow, noiseless footstep, leaning on the strong arm, and almost feeling the throbbings of that manly heart which is henceforth to be her palladium. And Clifford Clermont, in his quiet dignity, treads more proudly than ever as he bears to the altar the rose he is so soon to transplant to his blooming savannas. No pealing organ chants their epithalamium; no brilliant *cortege* precedes them; but, attended only by Henry Clinton and Carrie Carroll, those two loving hearts are made one. Just as the solemn words are pronounced which unites their destinies, the sun appearing above the surrounding housetops, streams a flood of golden radiance through the stained glass windows, which "the old man eloquent" accepting as a happy omen, makes the occasion of one of his finest flights of oratory.

Accompanied by Henry Clinton and Carrie Carroll they depart immediately for the South. A month is spent in festivities, and Carrie, according to appointment, returns home, bearing with her the heart of her gallant cavalier.

It was their first evening alone, and they sat around the chamber fire, Clifford, Lottie and little Clinton the picture of domestic happiness. Clinton was on Lottie's lap and she was threading his wavy hair with her taper fingers.

"Mamma," said the boy, "you *will* love me, won't you?"

"I love you now, Clinton, and if you are a good child, I will love you very dearly."

"Mamma said you would'nt, but I knew my papa would'nt bring me a bad mamma. Will you hear me say my prayers of a-nights, like grandma used to?"

"Yes, and I will tell you stories from the Bible about Moses and Samuel, and will teach you to read it for yourself. Wouldn't you like that, Clinton?"

No reply but a kiss. She pressed him closely to her heart, and he raised his head.

"Will you hear me now, mamma?" he asked, "I am so sleepy, then mamma can take me to bed."

He knelt at her side, and with childhood's simplicity committed himself, his papa, and his "new mamma" to God's keeping during the night. Oh! is it not beautiful to see a young immortal thus early being trained for the skies—to hear the lisping of infancy breathing their supplications to the Father of Light with a faith that often shames the Christian's distrust? Well did our Savior say, "Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of Heaven."

There were tearful eyes when he rose from his knees. Clifford placed his arms around his wife and child, and clasped them in a passionate embrace. Clinton kissed his parents a "good night" and retired.

"Lottie, my love," asked Mr. Clermont, after Clinton had gone, "can you realize that this is the last day of our honeymoon?"

"Is it? Then I'll inaugurate another by giving you a pet name, dear."

"What will it be, fairy?"

"Why, haven't I just called it, *dear*? But there's the tea bell. Let us go," and they descended to their evening repast.

"Come in," said Mr. Clermont one afternoon in answer to Lottie's light tap at his library door.

"Do I disturb you?" she asked on entering. "I didn't think of your being engaged."

"No, you never disturb me, Lottie. Where is Clinton?"

"I gave him permission to go to the cabins to play with the little negroes, a short time, so I was lonely in my room, and sought you. You look care-worn. Are you tired?" and she caressingly placed her hand on his fevered brow.

"Yes, I've been immersed in business all day, and your presence is quite a relief to me. Lottie, I must either relinquish the bar or the muses, for "no man can serve two masters.""

"Let it be the bar then. I'm sure the muses are more congenial to your taste."

"Yes. I've been so perplexed and annoyed to-day over Thompson's case, I'm tempted to throw it back on his hands, although I've undertaken it. Then there's that poem for Mercer University on my mind too. It has to be delivered Thursday, and how much do you suppose is written? Not the first line. Come away from these legal documents and musty books," and he led the way to Lottie's boudoir. "Take your guitar, and sing to me, Lottie—none of your operas, but

"Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
And banish the thoughts of day.""

She sang for him the beautiful Scotch ballad, "Mary of Argyle." He thanked her with a smile. "And now just one more, Lottie. Let it be "Lone Starry Hours.""

"You have completely exorcised the evil spirit," he said when she had finished. "I think I shall be able to begin my poem to-night."

Clinton was asleep, and Lottie sat alone in her chamber waiting for Mr. Clermont. She was startled from the reverie which she had been indulging by the striking of the clock. She counted twelve, and taking the lamp she quietly descended the stairs. As she neared the library she heard a murmuring sound. The door was open, and as she stopped to listen, what a resplendent vision met her gaze! There was her husband with the inspiration upon him, his "eye in a fine frenzy rolling," enthusiasm kindling upon his cheek. His haughty head was thrown back, and with folded arms he trod the floor to the stately measure of Moore's "Origin of The Harp," singing the lines as he composed them to the same familiar air!

Lottie's first impulse was to rush into his presence, but she repressed it, and retreated a few steps lest he should discover her proximity. She crouched into a corner of the hall and wept profusely.

Two hours later he entered his chamber, manuscript in hand.

"I have not completed it," he said, "but the first half only awaits your approval, Lottie. Will you look over it to-night?"

"No. I cannot bear it now. Oh, Mr. Clermont, I saw you, and had it not been sacrilege, I could have knelt and worshipped!" * * *

Grey Carroll and Kate Berrien, soon after Lottie's marriage, assumed similar vows.

For two years has Lottie gladdened the heart and home of Cler-

mont. Her life has been singularly barren in incident, the only one worthy of note being the accession of Carrie Carroll to the neighborhood of Magnolia Vale in the person of Mrs. Henry Clinton.

Twilight is deepening into gloom without, but within that pleasant room the bright fire, and the crimson drapery cast a ruddy glow over the polished furniture, as we hold our last interview with our heroine. Clinton reposes on a low couch in one corner. Disease has made sad inroads upon his healthy constitution, and we scarcely recognize him as the hardy boy, who a few weeks previous, bounded over the plains with gazelle-like agility. But the crisis is past now, and he dreams of his boyish sports. Clifford and Lottie keep vigils over his slumbers.

"Mamma," he murmured, in a faint voice, turning in his sleep. He has been delirious, and it is his first intelligible word.

"Dear mamma!" he repeats with a caress of Lottie's hand, as she bends low to catch his whisper.

There was a delightful flow of tears, but none of words, in that dusky twilight. There were strong supplications offered, but they were not audible to the outward sense. They met in "expressive silence," those sister spirits, and thus let us leave them with the incense of thanksgiving devoutly ascending to the throne of the Eternal.

TO KATE.

BY MARY ERWIN.

Shall I touch my pen with morning dew,
And write of birds and flowers,
Or shall I woo a sunbeam down,
Bird-like Kate of ours?

What would'st thou have my fancy weave,
What words can I combine—
What buds to find are fair enough
Round thy dear head to twine.

Love's ardent rose I'd cull for you,
And Friendship's lily pale;
Thine emblem was Forget-me-not,
The sweetest of the vale.

Be true, as that sweet flow'ret's name
Implies, to all thy friends;
Let me as one in memory live,
Where e'er thy life-stream tends.

A MICROSCOPIC VIEW OF BELGIUM, WITH GLIMPSES AT FRANCE AND ENGLAND.

BY JOSEPH BARBIERE, ESQ., COMMERCIAL COMMISSIONER FROM TENNESSEE.

CHAPTER THIRD.

THE ARTS IN FRANCE—WHISTLING—OUT-DOOR LIFE IN PARIS—BILLIARDS—THE PLACE DU CONCORDE—THE CHAMPS ELYSEES—THE BOIS DE BOLOGNE.

Art, yes genuine art, like the highest order of talent, are paid for and sustained in France. Vandyke and Rubens, the head of the Flemish school, are represented by sixty paintings. The Italian masters are prominent—Murilló, Dominichino, Caracci, and Guido Reni. The Holy Family, by Carlo Dolci, is beautiful. Raphael is here in all his glory. The Halls of Sculpture are on the ground floor. Among the most important specimens of art in this department, are the Dying Gladiator and the Laocoon. *The Musee de la Marin*, the Marine Museum, has some choice specimens of drawings of naval affairs, ships, etc., models of all kind of craft; also models of the naval stations of Brest and L'Orient.

It is impossible, in glimpses, to enter into detail of the Louvre and all its magnificence. It would take six months daily attendance and inspection to do justice to the *chef d'œuvres* of the masters whose art has made the painting and sculpture galleries of the Louvre the centers of attraction to all lovers of the beautiful who visit the Old World. There is no charge for entrance, and if you have a cane or umbrella leave it at your hotel, as none are allowed within the walls of the building. If you prefer to carry one in your stroll, you will find a female at the entrance who takes it, gives you a check, and it is optional on your going out as to what you give for the charge—a half franc is customary. Through the halls are seats, upon which, when fatigued, you can repose. The Louvre is now open daily, from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M., formerly to the public on Sundays.

There are many relics in the Louvre, of the deepest interest. The cradle of the Prince of Rome, son of the old Napoleon; the latter's chapeau, or military hat; his old grey surtout, and camp bed—which is of iron;—the scepter of Charlemagne; and other venerable remembrances of the past. You at last become fatigued, and prepare to

leave with regret, scenes of classic beauty and monumental history that are food for reflection for years. As the writer pens these recollections, shadows flit and pass in rapid succession before the mirror of memory, and a thousand dim recollections are crowded into the casket of the imagination; and the tablet of memory wants room for the press of material upon its crowded surface—of paintings, of exquisite sculpturing, of architectural display—all coupled with the visit to the Imperial Palace of the Louvre.

You pass out of the court, but be careful not to whistle as you walk out—which is frequently the case with Americans—upon the relief from a task—which sight-seeing ever is—as whistling is unpardonable in society in Europe, and only tolerated among stable-boys. Your next move is for refreshment, after your fatigue, so passing into the Palais Royale, you step up to one of the cafes that line the north side of the square, and call for what is desirable. Here you are inducted into the mysteries of the out-door life of Paris. If the day is pleasant, the pavement is covered with little round tables covered with glasses, and the chairs surrounding the tables are filled by all classes—among the most numerous being the military officers of all grades, some of whose breasts are covered with a dozen decorations and medals—a halo of glory envelopes them, whose light has radiated from the Algerine, Crimean and Italian battlefields. And yet, these heroes of many a hard fought field are quietly sipping their wine, indulging in jibe and jest, ready at a moments warning to doff the lounging and assume the active soldier's life.

These little cafes are all over Paris, and on the Boulevards, the Rue Richelieu, Palais Royale, and the great thoroughfares they are to be found at every step.

There are three classes of refreshment saloons in the Great Capital. The *estammits* are where you can lounge; where tobacco is furnished for pipes (all free,) and beverages are drunk—the principal beer, (Bavarian)—and where, generally, one or two billiard tables, with card tables, and dominoes are to be found. The billiard game most popular in France, is carom, with three balls. In the Café de Paris there are more than twenty tables. A *restaurant* is where breakfast and dinners are eaten. A *cafe* is where breakfast is taken, or ices, coffee, or refreshments may be obtained at all times. As alluded to above, the fine ones have some billiard tables, (billard,) some of the princely ones are without them; but, altogether, they are the great feature in Parisian life. One promenading through the Champs Elysées (Elysian Fields) is struck by the brilliancy of the surroundings of these

not seen with her, but foots the bills. Another *remise* passes, filled with *grisettes*, all gay, thoughtless, and improvident, amid the whirl and flutter. You run up at the cascade, or miniature Niagara, leave your vehicle, refresh yourself by running through the many artificial labyrinths of this monument of man's genius and capacity to cope with nature by imitation, admire the artificial rocks and pigmy mountains, pick up a stray mignonette, put it in your button-hole as a memento of the spot, and then step over the gravelled walk to the café,

These cafés on the Bois de Bologne are small and neat, gothic style, and fitted up in the externals with flowers and shrubbery, inside in mirrors and marble, crystal and china. Cleanliness is a marked feature in the management, and the snow-drop napkins and damask covers glistening with the marks of the smoothing iron, whose virtues none understand better than a tidy Frenchwoman. Take beer at the Bois de Bologne, or wine—you don't always get the best cognac at these suburban cafés. Now drive over to the Artificial Lake. You exclaim, Wonders will never cease? And all who have visited this lovely sheet of water, placid in its bed, confined and guided by the cunning hand of artifice, will join me in saying, that here art is struggling with nature, and certainly this conception is the former's master piece. Possibly a quarter of a mile in length in its meanderings, with a width of a hundred yards, its foliated banks covered with real banks of roses, ponderous rocks lying close to the water's edge, with mosses upon many crested elevations of turf-covered earth; swans, and other of the web-footed creation sailing gracefully upon its placid bosom, pleasure boats with gay companies, flags flying, music playing, zephyrs rustling through the branches of the artificial forest on its margin—look at such a scene of a mild summer's eve, in an enchanted spot like the Bois de Bologne, and you realize the gifts that a beneficent Creator has bestowed upon man, in giving him power and capacity to plan and carry out to perfection, as far as human nature is capable of, such rare designs.

'Tis growing late. We drive through one of the shaded avenues, break out upon a landscape—St. Cloud in the distance—the Race Track, with its clean and tastefully arranged grounds and track, take a glimpse through the trees as you disappear in the twilight, and drive out upon the opening into the road. The rush now is tremendous, all anxious to get home before the vulgar hour of sun-set; all eagerness and haste, yet no confusion. Law and order in Paris reigns—we are at our hotel. Fare settled with coaché and the cus-

tomary *douceur* given, which they expect—the usual pay is half franc for an evening's drive. Dine at Vefour's, in the Palais Royale: *Potage*, (soup,) *cotelets*, *petite pois au sucre* or *a l'Anglais*, (little peas with sugar, or English style, plain,) spinnage, *Tomat*, (tomatoes,) *Poisson*, (fish,). If you like fish take it in course—a lemon is set with your fish. . You succumb on *fres avec glace*, (strawberries with cream,) or *fruite*, (fruit;) a bottle of *San Julian* closing the dinner. A finger glass? the *garçon* approaches you. Tap for your bill; it is given with a bow. The settlement is made; a half franc to the waiter produces a profound bow; you touch your hat to madame, who always presides, and with a gentle nod accepts your homage; you shake the dust off your sandals, leaving Vefour under the impression that he is an artist incomparable in the art *gastronomique*, and has but one equal, his illustrious neighbor and rival, *Trois frere Provençal*, (Three Brothers Provincial,) where the writer dined during the ensuing day. Three persons dine as cheap as two, and all practice it in the great metropolis—soup for two answers for three, and so on. There are many eating houses that are much cheaper, and where you can get a good meal, on the Rue Richelieu, Boulevard Sebastopol du Temple, and also in the Palais Royale, some splendid ones on the south side of the Seine and a few on the Rue Rivoli. Those where you see “English spoken here,” mean, when you ask for roast beef, “*Oh, oui! ros-bif.*” This is the orthography on the bill of fare, and the English is about of the same character as an American's French, that is, if he has not graduated in the practical school and is “going in” on theory with the auxiliaries of Ollendorf and Audigour.

A TEMPTING OFFER STERNLY REJECTED.—An English paper says that when the Rev. Henry Grattan Guinness was lately in Philadelphia, a young lady of “wealth and position” made him an offer of her heart, hand and purse. The minister replied: “I came to America not to seek a wife, but to preach the gospel. Your note strikes me as much out of place; and my advice to you is, that you give your money, which you seem willing to bestow on me, to the poor, your heart to the Lord, and your hand to the first one that asks for it.”

PROFITABLE MUSIC PUBLISHING.—An exchange remarks, “Dixie may be a very popular song, but we feel pretty sure there are many noble pieces of music by competent composers far superior to “Dixie” which have lost money, for their authors.”

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

BY C. L. S.

She was young and passing fair,
With her wealth of sunny hair,
And her eyes, as brightly blue
As a violet wet with dew.
Ah! I think I see her now—
Blushes mantling cheek and brow,
And those dark and lustrous eyes—
Lifted now with sweet surprise,
Then as quickly glancing down—
Veiled by lashes long and brown.
I can scarcely now divine
Why the little hand, in mine
Prisoned fast, should tremble so
When I bent and whispered low,
Pleading for her precious love,
As a gift, all gifts above.
While we stood beneath the shade
Which the spreading maple made,
And the sunshine, glancing through,
Fringed her hair with golden hue;—
Like a halo pure and bright,
Like a crown of living light,
Seemed it as if earth nor air
E'er had held a thing so fair.
When the trusting vow she breathed,
While a smile her sweet lips wreathed,
E'en her lightest word and tone
Were to me like Music's own.
Once again I held her hand,
As we stood upon the strand,
Where the ship at anchor lay
Which would bear me far away.
Years had dimmed her starry eyes,
And her voice was filled with sighs,
As she vowed, my wanderings o'er,
We would meet to part no more.
Sadder far than funeral knell
Was the parting word, farewell—
Would I n'er had left the side
Of my gentle, promised bride!

Years had passed—I stood once more
Where we parted long before,
Perfect joy was in my heart
As I breathed, “No more to part!
Life will be like Paradise,
In the sunshine of her eyes!
Gems shall grace her dainty hand,
Brought from many a distant land,
And amid her flowing hair,
Pearls shall gleam, and jewels rare.
Musing thus, I sought her home,
Dreaming still of joys to come,
Listening for her accents sweet
And the fall of fairy feet.
Would she meet as before
In the blessed days of yore?
Ah! what meant the perfumed air,
Flitting forms and faces fair,
Light and music everywhere?
From my ’wilderer dream I woke;
On my sight a vision broke,
Which, though beautiful and bright,
Changed my joyous day to night.
Did the flowing bridal veil
Make my darling’s cheek grow pale?
Did the jewels flashing bright,
Borrow from her eyes their light?
Was it happiness or woe
Caused her hand to tremble so,
As it trembled long ago,—
When the solemn words were spoken
And that *olden* vow was broken?

“Mary.” It was all I said,
As she raised her drooping head,
And, with fixed, dilated eyes,
Gazed on me in mute surprise.
Then a cry of wild despair
Echoed through the perfumed air.
In her bridal robes, she lay
Lifeless as a form of clay.
And I knew, by many a token,
That her gentle heart was broken.
She had deemed my spirit fled
To the mansions of the dead,
Mourned for my untimely fate.
I had sought her. Ah! too late!

Often now I seek a grave,
Where the weeping willows wave,
And my sorrow, now as then,
Is the thought, "It might have been."

MEMPHIS, April 27th, 1861.

I STROVE TO FORGET THEE.

BY W. E. PAXTON.

I strove to forget thee—I vow'd that I would—
And partially drove thine image away;
But it cost me an effort I ne'er understood,
E'en to forget thee, my Mary, a day.

In the madness of pleasure I often times sought
To hush the last whisper of love in my heart;
But there, even there, still hover'd the thought
That clings to thee, Mary, refusing to part.

I sigh'd to another. Oh! Mary, forgive,
If so be that thou car'st for such passion as mine,
Or whether it perish or whether it live—
Every sigh that I breath'd, I vow it was thine.

Oh! then, give me hope, be it ever so slight,
That you breathe but a sigh, howe'er slight, as we part,
Or spurn me, that pride may arise in its might
To smother the flames that are burning my heart.

SPARTA, La.

TO "ADRIENNE" OF VIRGINIA.

BY AUGUSTA WASHINGTON.

I have never seen thy face; yet oft
When the soft moonlight reigns supreme
In meditation's hour—when aloft
The imagination soars;
When all noise is still'd, and night
O'er earth her starry mantle drops,
Then, oh! then, fairest stranger, I write
Not, but dream of thy fair "Claudine."

MOUNTAIN HOME, May, 1861.

PLEASURES OF OLD AGE.

BY A JUNIOR.

In all men, after having advanced beyond the prime of life, there is a great proneness to review their past actions.

Among the most important thoughts of the aged are the recollections of their earlier days. These recollections hold a prominent position in their minds, and while conversing with those near them they cannot refrain from giving vent to the reminiscences of their youth. When their youth was spent in a manner approved by their consciences, they receive great pleasure from the contemplation of it, and that joy is not to be compared with that which a victorious general or a successful contestant in the Olympic games has won; but it is of a more elevated nature, just as the combat from which he has returned conqueror is more noble than those sordid conflicts. The brow of old age is encircled with a never-fading wreath of laurel, which will ever continue to afford satisfaction, and will be the solace of their declining years. Though the triumph was gained with difficulty, after the period of dark strife is over then comes that pure happiness which never departs. When old age calls to mind some hard-fought battle between right and wrong, between correct principles and the direful propensities of depraved nature, a calm and sober joy, inexpressible, is felt when it is remembered that, though hard was the struggle, victory was on the side of right. To think of tender years passed in this way is a source of true and lasting delight to old age.

When respect is shown to those whose locks have been silvered over by the frosts of many winters, their hearts have been made tender towards those who offer it; and it is pleasant to observe with what good grace it is received. They are reminded of the time when it was the joy of their youth to honor the hoary head, and to smooth for the tottering footsteps the path to the gaping grave.

The sunken eye kindles with a fire not its own when it beholds the young, and the gay, waiting to do reverence to him upon whose features has been left the mark of ages. The feeble frame is animated with a new warmth when it is revered by those, who, from their youth and folly, are too often induced to show it disrespect. When decrepitude has settled down upon the time-worn form, and all the

deleterious effects of wrinkled age have been wrought upon the frame shaken by the blasts of the winters of age, then for that enfeebled soul to observe that, though its powers have been diminished, its respect has not been lessened, is a fount of the most pleasurable emotions. It is pleasing to old age to see those whose experience has not given them so much wisdom, eager to catch and retain the precious words which fall from their learned lips, and always ready to hasten to them for counsel when the dangers of life fall thick and fast around. The aged adviser will delight to spend hours in pointing out to the inexperienced applicant; the many thorns which lie along the path of life, so well concealed by the glittering pleasures which allure them to the brink of the terrible abyss.

He will, with pleasure, warn them of the enticing joys spread out upon the margin of the precipice of ruin, which, though fair to look upon, are "dust and ashes to the taste." He is rejoiced when he can point out to the inquiring young, the thorns which underlie almost every rose along the pathway of life.

It is joyous to old age, to see those whose tiny feet have just been taught to tread the path of their unaccustomed being, desirous to prepare comfort for the loved ones in years, and always preferring to deny themselves of pleasures to glad the heart of him whom they delight to honor. The cosy corner and easy arm-chair is reserved for the decrepid grandsire, and swift feet are near waiting to do his bidding. When the aged parent marks this, tears of joy trickle down his furrowed cheeks, and the heart is enlarged with thanksgiving to the author of all good, that those hoary hairs are so honored.

W. R. W.

Mt. Lebanon University, La., December 1st, 1860.

MANUFACTURED POETS.—"Poeta nascitur-non fit" is a stereotyped maxim, which is too little heeded. Many attempt to be poets upon whom nature never intended to bestow the laurel. It would be fortunate if such aspirants could have their eyes opened, as was the case with the editor poet whom we read of in the following paragraph:

A Western editor suspended the publication of his paper one week, for the purpose of trying his hand at poetry; and after a long and laborious trial brought forth the following:

"Tain't every man can be a poet,
No more'n a sheep can be a goat!"

Love can excuse anything except meanness; but meanness cripples love and even natural affection.

OLIVIA'S CHOICE.

A TRUE SKETCH.

The bright, brief day was waning, and the shadows stretched long lines upon the earth, and crept far up the sloping hill, where their sister shadows slept. The sun, as it rolled westward, sent back bright beams of gold, and lavished floods of liquid light down upon the earth. Then with many a warm caress the sun clad each bright cloud in a dress of royal purple, violet, rose, crimson striped with rows of orange hue, and each fold edged with bands of gold; this done the sun departed down the rosy west; and it was twilight.

At this hour, Olivia Dandridge sat upon the piazza of her father's princely residence, awaiting the coming of her lover. She was a beautiful woman, and an heiress—she had a face and form that Hebe might have envied—hair like a raven's wing, so dark was it, which hung in heavy masses upon her shoulders; and eyes of the most sky-like blue. She had two suitors, more favored than the rest; Rollo Demay, the only son of a wealthy banker; and Alexis Smith, a clerk in the banking establishment of "Demay & Co."

Olivia was a sensible girl; she knew that if she became the wife of Rollo Demay, she would become at once a "star of the first magnitude" at the court of the goddess Fashion; but then, would she be happy as the courted "Madame Demay?"

"Why not?" she asked herself. She knew that Rollo was fond of a social glass; but then he was not a drunkard. Unbidden came to her heart the startling question, "what does the social glass lead to?" She strove in vain to banish the unwelcome thought.

Alexis Smith was a worthy young man, and a *rising* one; his motto and principle was, "Touch not, Taste not, Handle not," and he acted upon what he professed. Unto Olivia's puzzled heart came the fact, "Alexis will be to me the best husband, *and I love him best.*" But she was not fully decided, when the latch of the little gate opened, and she arose to greet Rollo Demay; but instead of the stylish young man a wretched wreck of a man stood before her. He was *clad partly* in rags, besmeared with filth and blood, the latter flowed from a frightful wound on the forehead, and from a cruel gash on the right cheek from which the red fluid trickled down. By his side stood a

bare footed, thinly attired, half starved child, with an intelligent eye who, when she observed Olivia, threw her skeleton arms around the man's neck, and cried, "Lady, pity him, others lead him off, and we are starving."

Olivia shuddered.

"Lady, don't look upon my father—"

"Why not, child?"

"Oh, ma'am, father was not always a drunkard; a wicked man tempted him and he fell. We once lived in a fine house, and were happy until Halton Demay came to our house, and—and—"

At the mention of the wealthy banker's name, Olivia started back, but immediately recovering herself, she asked the child to go on with her story, having first provided the man and child with something to eat; but the man craved drink; he would not eat; it choked him and he must and would have drink.

Olivia gently remonstrated with the inebriate on his inhumanity and intemperance, for he struck his little guide a harsh blow upon the face when she begged him to desist in his cries for the fiery poison.

Halton Demay had tempted Edwin Burt to drink, and then led him to the gambling table and swept him of all he had. "And ma'am," continued the child, "his son threatened to beat *me*, if I didn't clear out from about my old home, where *THEY* live now," and the child's voice was choked by sobs, which stuck in her throat, in her vain endeavors to restrain them.

Three days later the drunkard died in a state of furious delirium, raving for "drink!" a mass of putrescence, and a soul writhing in agony. Martha, the drunkard's daughter, was cared for and educated by Olivia; who ultimately married her heart's choice, "Alexis Smith."

Two years has she been a happy wife; the domestic hearth is their sacred sanctuary; the wife and mother's love, the holy altar where upon God's love, is impressed upon the husband's heart, and upon the young and opening mind of her first born.

Rollo Demay, also married; but ere five years elapsed, the subtle serpent—strong drink, gained access in his household, and entwined its iniquitous folds around him. The love of home with all its sweetness was soon banished from Rollo's heart, and depravity, crime, misery, suicide and ignominious death followed in rapid succession.

"The sins of the father were visited upon the son."

AUGUSTA WASHINGTON.

NATURE.

BY DELIA MORRISON, OF MEMPHIS.

In the earlier period of the world, when the veil of ignorance shrouded the mental vision of man, nature, from her beauty, power and sublimity, thrilled his heart, and became the object of his admiration, fear, and worship. The savage gazed with delight, and astonishment at the many wonders that surrounded him; above him he beholds the arching heavens thronged with brilliant orbs, while below, and around him, he saw the extended earth, rising into mountains and sinking into oceans, interspersed as far as the eye could reach with mighty rivers and impenetrable forests; these combined with the mingled noise of thundering winds and rushing waters, awakened in his breast deep emotions of awe and sublimity, and investing Nature in the power of the Great Spirit, he worshipped her. The ancient Greeks and Romans, whose warm, exuberant fancy rendered them more keenly alive to the beautiful, beheld nature in her various lovely attitudes, and feeling that a superior power guided her movements and maintained her harmony, they worshipped her. But their bright, poetic imaginations soon dispelled the vision which nature had created, and pictured one of fancied ideality, of Gods. The gentle murmuring, and pleasing melodies of nature, were now but the whisperings and movements of the gods; the changing seasons throughout the year but the coming and departure of the goddesses; a beautiful morning, but the rising of Aurora, scattering from her hand the rosy light and pearly dew. Thus those soft and holy influences, by which nature raises in our hearts thoughts of humility and love to our sole and great Creator, were unfelt by the ancients, because the beauties of Truth were yet unvailed. But when the morning star of Bethlehem arose in the east, and shed its holy effulgence over the earth, then it was that a new and sweeter radiance diffused itself throughout nature, and the mist, which had for so long hung over her, melted away in the distance. Nature now smiled with a softer and more subdued lustre, but one so clearly, so deeply impressed with the pencilings of that rising star, that the simplest might see and understand. The shepherd, whilst leading his flocks among

the mountains seeking the pleasant valleys and cooling waters, might read the engraven characters of nature upon every leaf of grass and bubbling spring that ornamented the meadows. The philosopher, who had so long studied nature, and by acts of the imagination, brought her many elements to agree with his own theory, now beheld through the true and mellowing light of christianity, her unfolding charms and increasing wonders, pervaded throughout by a perfect harmony. Nature thus seen in her true light, comes to us laden with the potent influences of antiquity, and the poetic fancies which have been wreathed in the chaplet of her "woods, winds, and waters;" and this bright morning she comes to us bathed in the "beauties of June; her golden sun pours his rich, flooding beams upon the earth, and wakens everything into life, health and beauty. The air breathes sweetly the fragrance of flowers, and the music of the winds blends harmoniously with that of the early carollers, and raises within us a spirit of devotion to our heavenly and beneficent Father.

When we contemplate nature in her varied aspects and numerous sources, what an occasion for *vast* and *sublime* conceptions does she present, and yet what a gentle and indescribable beauty pervades all, leading the heart from the great power to the great goodness of God. At the rising of the day, we behold her in the enchanting loveliness of morning; the curtain of darkness is gathered and festooned in the west, while soft and radiant tints overspread the sky; the elastic atmosphere filled with the perfume of flowers, echoes to the slightest intonations of the birds; "the cattle are feeding upon a thousand hills," which rise and fall in wavy undulations, and are grouped here and there with bending forests; the verdant lawns are beautifully enamelled with "dew bent" flowers, and irrigated by flowing rills; all these, form a scene of sweet and fascinating loveliness, and only equalled by the one at the close of day.

Then evening, with her soft modulated light, encircles the earth and pours upon it her volume of charms and sweets. The resplendent luminary of day sinks in gorgeous magnificence in the west, fringing the clouds with purple and gold, and gilding the earth with the many evanescent hues of the rainbow. Both scenes are beautiful, and he who gazes intently, may find a deep resemblance between the morning and evening of nature, and that of his own life. But, as we contemplate nature, her beauty, her grandeur increases, and how truly do we feel that words are inadequate to the task. Oh! there is a magic power lingering o'er the mysteries of nature, which fastens on the heart, and holds it spell-bound; it sparkles on the rippling waves

of the winding stream, and glows with deeper witchery on the falling waters of the many cascades, it hovers over the waters of the flowing, rushing rivers, and rests, with terrible sublimity, on the billows of the ocean; it is caught by the gentlest breeze, and rises and swells, until we hear and feel its power in the thundering music of the storm; it clusters around the beauties of the "sequestered vales," and vivifies the snows upon the mountain tops; it winds among the forest trees, and sweetly lingers on the extended plains; it penetrates the deepest cove, and rises to the unfathomed heights of heaven's dome. It is everywhere; it is twined in the very elements of nature, and when we contemplate, it is softly breathed into our heart, and thrills it with the deepest emotions, and we exclaim, "Great and manifold are thy works, Lord God Almighty; in wisdom hast thou created them all," and to Thee be honor, praise and glory, forever. Amen.

PORTFOLIO LEAVES.

It is precious and comforting to think of the dear ones who have died, trusting in "the rock of ages;" they are within the gates of glory, safe, forever, from the storms of life, while we are standing without, looking up longingly, to that celestial city, where they are walking the golden streets, happy in the presence of the Lord. The way to that higher home is through much tribulation; life is sorrowful, and death is bitter. I have seen many a one go down, with agony, into the deep waters; yet they have risen all covered with glory. Yes, the way is dark; but Jesus is there; He is the light shining in the dark valley, soothing the pilgrims that walk there, and His voice is heard in the darkness saying sweetly, "fear not, I am with thee; be not afraid, I will uphold thee with my own right hand; and the waves shall not cover thee;" and leaning on his bosom they go up to that bright home, where all is peace; where they hunger no more, neither thirst any more; and where God shall wipe the tears from their eyes forever. Is life dark to us here, all our heart's joys withered and faded away from our pathway forever? have all our idols changed to clay, and is life a cheerless, flowerless waste? Oh: then let us lift our hearts to the beyond; let us fix our hopes on that house not made with hands; and no matter how dark the clouds of life may be, we can say, "All is well."

WASHINGTON CITY.

MRS. MATILDA S. EDWARDS.

THOUGHTS ON READING KING RICHARD III.

Why cannot the world discover any faults in Shakspeare? Are his writings really infallible? Myriads of geniuses are raving about his faultless life-like dramas, his matchless comedies, in which they think there is not one part so vulnerable as to be, in the slightest degree, affected by the fiercest assaults of the most savage critic. Lord Kames, it is true, has made some slight attack on the productions of this immortal bard, but his feeble strokes were like the summer's air, ruffling for one moment the velvet rose leaves, and then passing on leaving it beautiful as before, and bereft of none of its rich fragrance. All, from the volatile school girl to the sagest philosopher must, as a matter of course, laud and adore the writings of Shakspeare. And I am a most enthusiastic admirer of his genius. I regard him, no less than his most ardent votarist, as the sun of the literary world; but honesty forces me to admit that his brilliancy is sometimes too dazzling for my weak orbs. Of course this inability to discern all his splendor is owing to the same cause which prevents the owl from enjoying all the beauties of the blessed day.

To prevent a shower of imprecations too severe to be borne, I will only have the impudence to disturb part of one drama this morning. Sages look with forbearance!

Whatever opinion I may now have of Shakspeare's writings, had he never written King Richard III. that opinion would have been greatly elevated. It commences very beautifully and life-like, and nothing I think is more excellent until you search the scene which represents Annie as yielding to Gloster, the murderer of her husband and king. What woman was ever so base—so lost to all feelings of humanity as to be affected by flattery, at such a moment, and from such a source. Gloster confesses to have slain her husband, and on his knee sues for pardon. Annie entertains the fiercest contempt for him, and disdain- ing to listen to his words, she presents eagerly the sword's point to his bared breast, but as the wily villain felt it sinking into his bosom, a well-timed piece of flattery rendered the glittering weapon harmless and it fell to the floor. And so the scene continues for sometime. Now the sword is ready to let the life-blood from his heart, and a sly encomium on eye or lip turns the vengeance seeking point aside.

What a shame that Shakspeare should have formed so base and unnatural a character, and have it personated by a female!

ARIONE.

THE PIC-NIC UNDER THE BRIDGE.

A REMINISCENCE OF CADET LIFE.

Near the centre of the Old Dominion, in the midst of a beautiful valley, on the banks of a tributary of James River, is situated the pleasant little town of Lexington.

Situated between lofty mountains and surrounded by hills of steep grade, the town has never yet been connected with the outside world by any of the great pathways for the iron horse; his shrill whistle has never yet awakened the echoes of the primeval hills that surround the quiet and isolated villagers. The four horse coach is still the only public conveyance by which access can be gained to this secluded spot, yet it is annually visited by hundreds from various portions and sections of the country who undergo the fatiguing journey frequently without a murmur, being too much engaged with the wild and romantic country through which they pass to wish for greater speed.

Approaching Lexington from the north, you first catch a glimpse of the Virginia Military Institute situated on a commanding eminence at the northern outskirts of the town, and as you advance cannot but be impressed with its imposing appearance; its elevated position, tall towers and frowning battlements gives it a fine military aspect.

It was here, in the summer of 185— that I had just entered my last encampment as a cadet of the Institute. I was then a first classman and entitled to a month's furlough, but as I was exempt from all military duty, which in camp is by no means very light, I determined not to take the usual furlough, but take the advantage of several libraries which were at our service, and occupy my time in reading, which I thought would be more pleasant and profitable than going on furlough.

The weather was delightful, and camp life was as agreeable as could be desired; all day long I lounged on my bed or sat in the shade in front of my tent, poring over Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, while at night I was usually regaled by an extempore concert of vocal and instrumental music, gotten up by some third-

classmen and new cadets, until the drum beat the tattoo. Thus employing all the pleasures and none of the evils of an encampment, my time fled away pleasantly and uneventfully, for near two weeks, when it entered the heads of some of the fellows that we must have a cotillon party to vary the monotony of camp life; and accordingly a subscription was raised for the purpose of procuring music, refreshments, &c. Never having been known to look at a young lady during my cadetship, and well knowing that I would not attend, I was not even called upon for my contribution, and left to the quiet enjoyment of my tent and books.

The night of the party came, and all was bustle among our lady's men—putting on their best looks, and making their toilet at no little disadvantage in their little tents nine feet square, and no place tall enough to admit one to stand erect, except near the middle. However, a cadet can accommodate himself to any inconvenience, and undergo all kinds of deprivations, especially if there is a lady in the case. I laid back very quietly in my tent during these preparations, and wondered how they could be induced to put themselves to so much trouble for a few hours dancing and flirtation with gay silly women, and insipid, romping, unsophisticated school girls. I actually grew sick the next day, to hear the extravagant compliments and lovesick expressions given vent to by the susceptible young scamps that lodged in the vicinity of my tent; and finding I could not enjoy my books in quiet for that day, I took a geographical tour, in company with a brother classmate of my own disposition, to some of the neighboring hills, where the Lower Silurian were laid bare to our profound (as we thought) investigation.

The first party having proved so successful, a second was soon talked of, and I began to think I would have to take some measures of defence against the storm of sentimentalism that threatened our camp. Every one was now anxious to be at the party, and the unfortunate fellows that happened to be upon duty that night thought their lines had fallen in exceedingly hard places. I had agreed to act as officer of the day for one of my class, in order that he might attend. This suited me quite well, as I would necessarily be up most of the night, and could sleep the next day; thus escaping the nuisance that had so much annoyed me on a previous occasion.

The night was grand and glorious; a soft balmy breeze stole from the mountains, while the sky above was as bright and propitious as if it had been prepared for the occasion.

Gradually the hours wore away, while ever and anon the sound of mirth and music was borne into camp, telling us of the merry scenes

that were being enacted at the old hall. It being the duty of the officer of the day to see that the sentinels were properly posted and on duty, I began my rounds soon after ten o'clock, and visited the different posts in succession, leaving the post at barracks until last, concluding I would stop and see how the party was progressing. My rounds over, I entered the hall, where I found all mirth and enjoyment; the dancing was at its height, and gay bewitching forms in their gossamer costumes were almost ethereal as they whirled gracefully through the dance, and I could not help owning that it was a lovely sight—such life and spirit too; I had never seen a set of dancers enjoy the amusement so much, and I really began to think it must be pleasant for those fond of the ladies. Most of the young ladies, I found, were strangers from a distance, some of them exceedingly prepossessing. I always was a great lover of the *fine arts*—fine painting, statuary—fond of a pretty picture, of music, flowers, &c., and although my excessive modesty had heretofore made me shun the ladies, I was by no means indifferent to the charms of a pretty face, a fine bust and graceful figure; then it is not to be wondered at that I was rather favorably impressed with this *tableau vivant* where so much art was combined with the *beauties of nature*. Becoming more and more interested the longer I remained, my curiosity finally overcame my modesty to some extent, and I inquired of a friend, who a certain young lady in the company was, and where from?

"Why that is Miss—Miss—I forget her name, from Louisiana, a school girl, spending her vacation at her uncle's (Mr. R.) near town."

"That's enough," said I, "I am bound to have an introduction."

"Why, Jack, you are not captivated at first sight?"

"O no, but she is certainly a star, and from the sunny South I will make her acquaintance."

"Well, come on, I will introduce you, if she makes no objections."

"You forget," I interrupted, "you don't know her name."

"Never mind that, I will find out."

"No, not to-night, I will call on her at her uncle's"

"Then you can't screw your courage to the sticking point." "Faint heart" you know—

"Never mind that, you shall see."

"But they are forming another quadrille. Go get your partner."

Off he went, and I was left to myself, to enjoy my "star gazing" without interruption. I had no desire to participate in any of the pleasures of the evening, but remained a quiet spectator until my duties called me off. I left the hall with my feelings entirely revolutionized—I was a changed being. I owned the party was delightful—

that I had entirely mistaken its character before, and in future would have no objection to making one of the number. A few days after the party I sought and obtained an introduction to the little blue-eyed beauty, that had captivated me at the party. I was more pleased than before; distance in this instance, had failed to "lend enchantment," but I found that the laws of attraction "increased inversely as the square of the distance," a truth which the philosophic old professor had never very clearly presented to my dull perception. Of course there was now an end to my readings. Fortunately I had finished Gibbon, or I fear that I should not now be able to say that I read his profound work. Camp life all at once became a terrible bore; the drum and fife had suddenly become exceedingly harsh—I wondered that I had never discovered that before; I was in favor of having parties more frequently and determined to get one up in style. It was, however, agreed by all that we must change the programme, and have a picnic. This was carried unanimously; and great preparations were made for the eventful occasion. It was of course to be something extra—we would throw into the shade all previous parties of the kind. A large space was selected and prepared beneath a group of fine old elms and poplars on the bank of the river; near by was a beautiful spring that burst out of the side of a limestone cliff, and poured its crystal waters in miniature cascades over a rocky bank into the river. This was a romantic, lovely spot, just the spot for a picnic, and as some expressed it, we anticipated a most "equisitely charming time." All was now in readiness, to-morrow was set for the grand occasion, and our lady's men (I, now of course, in the category) were all on the *qui vive*.

But the fairest prospects are sometimes nothing but delusive phantoms, the brightest hopes may soon be blasted, and the fates are sometimes very uncertain, even in picnics. The night preceding the great event, it pleased "the powers that be," to cut short all our anticipated pleasure, by sending one of the most terrible thunder storms that had visited that region for a number of years; the flood gates of heaven were opened, and poured down upon our devoted camp in perfect torrents; tent cords were snapped, stakes gave way, and down came the tents on our heads; away flew tents, polls, beds, and all in the furious gale, while we, drenched to the skin, vainly clung to our most valuable articles, and endeavored to keep our property together.

TO BE CONTINUED.

VICTOR ALDRED.

A TRUE LIFE SKETCH.

"The evening shades had long since draped the earth,
And glorious was the star-gemmed sky;
The silver moon, pale queen of night, shone forth
Mid radiance from her throne on high.

"At this still hour a mother watched her child,
Who slept—the darling of her love;
So pure, so innocent, so undefiled,
Type of the angel host above."

A fair and youthful mother softly opened the casement shutters, then with a gentle hand she drew away the silken drapery. Long and lovingly did she gaze upon her sleeping boy, her first and only son. Then, kneeling beside the little crib, she raised her eyes to heaven, and from her trembling lips, praises burst and mingled in the tender, fervent, grateful prayer; she besought the Father to shield from sin, wrong and woe, and all snares of the wily tempter, her idol, her son. She prayed to God to shower rich blessings upon her fair young son, and guard each sleeping hour of his from ill. Meanwhile, still sleeping lay her cherub son in wax-like beauty. His cherry lips, half parted, were wreathed with a sweet smile: one white, little baby hand was poised above his head, half hid amid the clustering, golden ringlets, and each rosy, silken-fringed eyelid drooped o'er the velvet cheek that pressed the downy pillow. Softening moonbeams playfully caressed the infant cherub in his dreams, as through the muslin curtains they came softly streaming.

Leaves unfold, buds blossom, flowers fade and decay, and wintry snows enshroud the frozen mold. These mark the rolling years; and in their fleet, successive round we note life's many changes. Tears are mingled with smiles; hopes with fears are found, alternating, as in summer weather does the sun and rain.

With the flight of years, the infant boy "Victor," became a youth of promise, though a wayward son. Many fears, in fond parental hearts, sprung up amid the brightest hopes for future years, and the bitter and sweet were mingled in the same cup. Still, for aid from heaven the gentle mother sought, and often in sweet silence prayed.

But, oh! that mother never taught her wayward, cherished son to pray, to ask his Heavenly Father, each new day, for strength and guidance. Wonder, not, therefore, if at length misled, he the truant should play. What wonder if in after years the truant youth should go astray from the paths of rectitude and truth and yield to temptation.

O, young men and youth, be strong, and do not trust alone in human strength to flee from temptation. There ever must come dark hours in life; and, without Divine support, how vain to throw the light of hope around life again, in those dark hours.

Again have years elapsed. Now, amid college walls of classic halls of lore, where Fame proudly rears her head, behold, in the foremost ranks, that son, so gifted yet so erring. Mark the broad expansive brow, whereon is genius' noble stamp; the dark, expressive eye, whose earnest gaze bespeaks a mine of thought; the form, so erect and manly, which portrays a noble soul; a heart warm with human kindness. It is sadly strange that one endowed with the noblest gifts should a life of honor exchange for a life of sinful pleasure, or enshroud his name with guile. Alas! Victor Aldred freely sips the ruby wine, and nightly passes the hours in revelry with merry friends. Lips that never uttered words of prayer were heard blaspheming. One night, from his paternal home, there came a hasty missive, and a blight fell on his spirit as those haunts of vice he fled, overcome by sorrow.

Bitter were the tears he shed as he hastened home to see his mother die. One kiss, then meekly kneeling by her side, her thin hand warmly clasped in his, he cried,

"Mother! oh, forgive your erring son!"

She tried, but tried in vain to speak, then raised her calm, blue eyes toward heaven—and died.

Unmovable he stood, and gazed in utter woe. Half despairing, and almost hopeless of relief, he breathed one deep, wild, earnest prayer for strength to bear the bitter grief.

CHAPTER II.

"Bright pearl of the ocean, no lily so white
No bird ever folded more gladly to rest
Its delicate pinions, all weary of flight,
Than folded she, softly, her hands on her breast."

Four years passed, and Victor's college life was over; triumphantly he bears away the prize nobly won, while on his manly brow he wears

the laurel crown. Again, homeward he goes, and before his gray-haired sire he bends with reverential love once more.

Again, at evening, he hastes to greet the maiden to whom, long years before, his love was plighted. At her feet, he laid the laurel crown he wore.

Eole Berry! I wish I could picture her face to you truthfully; but my pen, while it might do justice to the features, would entirely fail in giving the expression that pervaded them. Eole's features were irregular and unclassical. A low forehead shaded by a wealth of luxuriant brown hair, straight brows and hazel eyes; a nose inclined to rather a roman turn, a mouth a trifle too broad, while her complexion was rather dark, although the rich color of the cheeks and lips amended for that. But the expression! Here language fails. It lurked deep down in the fathomless eyes, around the curving lips; almost, one might think, in the waves of shining hair, with the soul shining through the radiant countenance, that Eole Berry was more than beautiful.

On one bright, balmy spring morn, when flowers bloomed brightest on earth, Victor placed a "golden circlet" on Eole's lilly white hand and led her forth his gentle bride.

As joys ever seem but brighter as they fly, so their hours of wedded bliss, like a waking, blissful dream, passed by and ripened into years. All went merry as a bell until again his faith was tried. The dark hours again made their appearance. The strong heart of Victor failed when he saw his cherished father in the grave laid, and then his lovely babes, all save one fair-haired girl, that staid the mother's agonizing grief. Victor sought the wine cup for relief; day by day did he drink to forgetfulness, but it came not. Next, to wile away the weary hours in exciting games of vice, he plunged, until against him turned the treacherous dice. And then the powers that sin and vice could ever command, all failed to win the wealth he lost in one short game. When he saw the cost of that one sin, his palsied hand hung powerless, and when the grand paternal mansion, and his broad, rich acres of luxuriant land all passed in other hands, he stood unmoved, amazed, awed, like one that hears no sound, until his frenzied brain was maddened with the taunting jeers, then in guilt again he plunged deeper.

* * * * *

It is night. Around yon cottage snows cold and fierce are piled, and wintry winds blow shrill and pierce the loosely lapped and creviced tile. The dying faggots on the hearth emit a feeble, flickering flame, while yonder, that wretched man, in a voice of wrath, with bitter

blame, curses that pale, haggard, wan young being, once his gentle wife, *his Eole*. Her pride and strength of youth are gone, oozed out and wasted with her life. Behind a fragment of a chair sleeps Maggie, the fair little child; she is thinly clad in tattered garments. Her little heart was once glad and light, but now it feels but want and fear, and in her half-closed eyes stands tremblingly a pearly tear, as she shivering and cold on the damp floor sadly lies.

In tones of rage, and still more loudly than at first, the father cries for "*drink*" to assuage his burning, raging thirst. Their meagre, scanty household wares have all been pawned or sold, save fragments. Two half broken chairs and one small circlet ring of gold—the wedding ring. Eole, the sad wife, pleads: "Oh Victor, spare me only this the last memento I have of days of wedded bliss." Ah! tears bedim his eyes, so wild. One moment he's himself, and then he closely clasps his wife and child in warm embrace. But again, that fearful, burning thirst arose. "O, God," he cried, "this burning heat," then rushed he through deep and drifting snows, until he reached the tempters' door; which was situated in a dark street, fit situation for such a place. What stayed Victor's hand, that trembled on the latch. Whence came those whispered words of self command? It was the voice of conscience; half with shame, he murmured: "Nay, I will not sell this ring!" With slow and tottering steps, he turned away into the cold December snow; the air grew bitter cold. He knew his blood was freezing in each vein, as on and on he toiled through the snow, and strove his home to gain.

Alas! his strength was gone! His limbs grew stiff and cold, and weak and weary, he sank down upon the cold, cold snow. No piercing shriek, no dying moan was heard. Like one in quiet sleep, his weary soul passed silently away, with none to comfort and none to console in that sad hour.

With many a loud and piteous moan, all that long night, by that cold corse, in snowy shroud, his faithful mastiff lay. The bright, clear sun at early rising morn, on it all its warm effulgence shed. But, ah! the gentle wife, "*Eole*," had gone; her wearied spirit, too, had fled to its long home. The lone, sad child, "*Maggie*," was firmly clasping her mother's cold clay, and begging in tones, sadly wild, that she might not be left to stay alone. To her how sad and cold this glad earth seemed to be. Without friends; without home; her only earthly legacy, one ring of gold.

CLAUDE LEIGH.

EXCLUSION OF NORTHERN LITERATURE FROM THE SOUTH.

EDITOR OF THE AURORA: A short time since, I noticed in the Memphis Argus an editorial on a subject which has for a long time occupied my serious attention. I have heretofore refrained from speaking, lest my voice should fail to be heard, or if heard to be heeded. I do not remember the words, but the idea was this: that all loyal Southerners should discourage the influx of northern literature, and that it is now our imperative duty to cease to purchase the rank poison, administered in the seductive forms of weekly papers, and monthly magazines, which for years past, have derived their support from Southern readers. Harper, Godey, Leslie, and the Ledger, beside a host of others, have made their way to every fireside, to the serious detriment of the minds, and morals of our youth. Frequent intercourse with this specious literature has unfitted the minds of many of our accomplished women for the perusal of more solid reading, which if seized upon with half the avidity that is manifested in the perusal of the papers I have referred to, would not only bestow pleasure in the perusal, but afford food for remembrance. While we have been encouraging, and supporting those enemies to our peace, Southern literature has languished and died for want of sympathy. I remember many an effort that has been made to establish on a permanent basis, a literature strictly our own.

A few issues, coldly received by the press, unpurchased by the community, and the effort has failed, till Southern talent and literature has become a by-word and scoff for our Northern enemies. Not for any want of merit, but because a claimant to our favor must come to us bearing a foreign stamp. Here in Memphis, several attempts have been made to establish a monthly magazine. Some months since, my heart was gladdened by the report that the highly gifted Annie Chambers Ketchum was about to undertake the laborious duty of editing a monthly, and promised myself many an intellectual treat, and earnestly did I pray for her success. The "Lotus" appeared pure as the morning dew, and sparkling as the dew when the sun shines—not ministering to false and vitiated taste by tales of love,

murder and mystery, à la Bennett—but replete with purity and genius, it seemed to me, that every heart would open to receive it. In the list of contributors were names that gleam brightly in the annals of our authors. A few brief months of adverse fortune and the Lotus was no more. Since then, on the midnight darkness of our literary sky, a new star has arisen. Aurora, fresh and fair! God grant her beams may shine on with ever brightening lustre, till every household in the land has felt her magic influence. Star of the morning! she is *our own*. The energy of those who have it in charge deserves the reward of seeing the book firmly established in the hearts of our people.

Remove from the hands of your daughters, oh! fathers and mothers, the insipid Godey, and place in them the Aurora. Move them to sustain it by an appeal to their patriotism—convince them that every book and paper purchased from the northern cities, is but building up those who would hunt us to the death, and relentlessly oppress and subjugate us. I know the ardor and patriotism of the hearts of Southern matrons and maidens, will when this subject is properly presented to their view, kindle a fire which shall not cease to burn till their work shall have been accomplished, and the plaudits of the united South will tell how important was the duty and how nobly performed.

Yours,

AUNT PATIENCE.

A VISION.

BY LELIA HILTON.

One calm afternoon being wearied of the house, I took up a volume of Mrs. Hemans, that sweet songstress, whose exquisite poetry so thrills the heart, and sauntered out into the old *pine grove* back of Redwood, my uncle's mansion. His daughter S— and I had selected a very romantic spot in the grove, and called it "Love's Retreat." To *me* it was indeed a great retreat, for often I grew tired of society, and a visit to this spot was my antidote.

Sometimes I took a book, often my guitar, and accompanied by the brother of S—, a generous noble fellow, I whiled away the hours. I remember (in speaking of him) of the first piece of poetry I ever

composed; he had given me some very pretty verses, and, in return I presented him those I had, in an idle hour, rhymed together. My cousin *Jessee*, how often in fancy are you near me—but many, many miles lie between us now.

As I sauntered on, thought after thought flashed over my brain—thoughts of my desolate girlhood, for I was indeed the *lonely orphan*—and thoughts of one whose love to me was as the morning star, filling my orphan heart with many glimmers of a pure, quiet happiness. I was “a dreamer,” so they called me, and many a lecture did I get from my good, pious uncle, (bless his heart, I wonder where *he now is*.) My cousin *Sarah* was a gay, charming girl, but dealt in life’s realities, whilst I lived in the sweet poesy of my own imagery.

I stood within my *retreat*, and threw myself down on the soft glittering emerald. Near me gurgled a little streamlet of pure water; through the trees the summer’s light forced its way, falling unbrokenly over the crystal rivulets; the light breeze whirled amid the rustling foliage, drawing from those stately old pines streams of soft delicious melody. Dreamily the insects kept up their subdued hum of industry, and flies buzzed indolently about me; occasionally a gay plumed bird would spring from bough to bough, sending its clear twitterings along the calm, sultry air.

It was an hour for thought. The book, whose pages of plaintive melody had so often fascinated me, now lay beside me unopened, and I rested my head on the green sod, and gazing up in the heavens, thoughts of holier things than earth came to me. I saw the cross, and the crowned head of Him the crucified, and the weeping disciples, as they stood in solemn grief around that lacerated form; vaguely, dreamily it rose before me.

I looked up, and beheld one robed in spotless white that whispered “come.” Slowly we floated up, far up in cloud-land; onward and onward, over broad waters, vast cities, towns, and hamlets, on—on—then we stood on land. I looked around. The landscape was one of exceeding beauty. We stood on a slight elevation; at our right smiled a garden of great luxuriance, bathed in one radiant gush of sunlight. A network of golden wire, with gates of richly frosted silver enclosed it.

“This,” said my companion “is *sacred ground*,” and kneeling kissed the spot.

Involuntarily I did the same.

We stood before the closed gates. She touched them with her wand, and we entered, and stood amid bright flowers of every hue and clime.

In the distance I saw a maiden of surpassing beauty, but her features were convulsed by grief; she wrung her fair hands, and deep laments fell from the lips. She stood beside a tomb.

"Hast thou known sorrow?" asked my strange white robed visitor.

"Sorrow has been mine, too *early for me*; God called my mother, my *best and truest friend*."

"Poor child! Then thou hast known sorrow," said the pitying voice, "did'st thou kiss the rod and say, 'thy will be done.'"

I was silent. Too well I knew how hard and bitter grew my heart, under the infliction, that my proud spirit rose in higher rebellion.

"Thou art silent. Thou hast made earthly idols of thy love."

Still my lips moved not, for I *had* made unto myself idols, and *they* were *shattered*. Yes, *earthly idols* I had made.

"Still silent." Hast forgot our Lord's command? Thou shalt have no earthly idols, for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God." The voice was full of deep sadness, yet my heart grew quiet under the holy words.

"Mortal, behold!"

Again I looked. The maiden still wept by the lonely grave, but by her stood another.

"See'st yon maiden? She too is mortal, and like thee, sorrow has been her guest, but come."

"*This*," said my unknown guide, "is called *Golgotha*."

The grave stood by itself. White and clear it rose in bold relief against the darkening sky, its gleaming top tipped with the mellow light of the declining sun.

Softly on the silent breeze, in low thrilling accents came one simple word:

"Mary." Straight the maiden turned herself crying, "Raboni," then fell worshipping to the earth, to clasp His knees, but He said:

"Touch me not. I am not yet ascended to my Father, but go unto my brethren, and say unto them, I ascend unto my Father, and your Father, and to my God, and your God."

Straightway Mary Magdalene went and told the disciples that she had seen the Lord, and the words He had spoken.

"Mortal, come! The light dies, shadows fall."

Away in the sombre clouds we floated onward, and onward, over hills, and misty plains, and rivers, and cities, and I awoke in my loved "*retreat*," to find the twilight creeping in. Yet had I been walking with spirits, and the vision I had seen left an impression on my heart, making me more lowly, *less* murmuring.

Mother's Department.

BEAUTY OF THE POLISH LADIES.—Bayard Taylor tells us the reason there is so much beauty in Poland. There, he says "girls do not jump from infancy to young ladyhood. They are not sent from the cradle to the parlor, to dress, to sit still and look pretty. No, they are treated as children should be. During childhood, which extends through a period of several years, they are plainly and loosely dressed, and allowed to run, romp and play in the open air. They are not loaded down, girded about, and oppressed in every way with countless frills and superabundant flounces, so as to be admired for their clothing. Nor are they rendered delicate or dyspeptic by continual use of candies and sweet cakes, as are the majority of the American children. Plain, simple food, free and various exercise, and abundance of sunshine during the whole period of childhood, are the secrets of beauty in after life."

HOW TO COOK A HAM.—Never put a ham into a kettle of cold water, and be equally careful never to put one in boiling water. First let the water become luke-warm; then put the ham in. Let it simmer or boil lightly four or five hours—five is better than four—then take it out and shave the rind off. Rub granulated sugar into the whole surface of the ham, so long as it can be made to receive it. Place the ham in a baking dish, with a bottle of prime cider. Baste occasionally with the juice, and let it bake an hour in a gentle heat. A slice from a nicely cured ham thus cooked, is enough to animate the ribs of death.

CURE FOR ERUPTIONS, PIMPLES, &c.—Dilute corrosive sublimate with the oil of almonds, apply it to the face occasionally, and in a few days a cure will be effected.

TO PERFUME CLOTHES.—Take cloves, cedar and rhubarb, each one ounce, pulverise and sprinkle in the chest or drawer. It will create a beautiful scent, and prevent moths.

WATER-PROOF CEMENT.—Mix equal parts of vinegar and milk, turn off the whey, and mix with it five eggs, beat the whole together; then add sifted quick lime till it acquires the consistency of a thick paste.

This cement resists the action of water, and also of fire to a high degree, and is hence very useful in mending cracked ware, broken vessels, &c.

TO PREVENT THE SPREAD OF SCARLET FEVER.—A globule of belladonna, taken every morning, by each and every member of a family—adults, children, servants, and all inmates—will prevent the spread of scarlet fever in every household that may adopt it, as certainly as vaccination will prevent small-pox.

GINGER NUTS.—Work half a pound of butter into three and a half pounds of flour; add one and a half pints of molasses, half a pound of sugar, half a nutmeg, one teaspoonful of ground ginger, one teaspoonful of saleratus; roll it thin, and cut in small cakes, and bake rapidly fifteen minutes.

CREAM CAKE.—Put half a pint of rich cream, and half a pint of boiling water over the fire; and as soon as they begin to boil, stir in one pound of flour, and when cool, add nine eggs well beaten, and bake well.

SUNDERLAND PUDDING.—Six eggs, one pint of cream, a little salt, four tablespoonfuls of flour, and nutmeg; bake one hour, and eat with sweet sauce.

CORN CAKE.—Three cups of sour milk; two spoonfuls of flour, two of molasses, a little salt, and corn meal enough to make a batter.

SEED CAKE.—One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, one cup of milk, two eggs, and seed.

BOILED PUDDING.—One quart milk, nine eggs, seven teaspoonfuls of flour, a littler. Put in a bag and boil three quarters of an hour.

AFFECTION IN MEN AND WOMEN.—Women are said to have stronger attachments than men. It is not so. Strength of attachment is evinced in little things. A man is often attached to an old hat; but did you ever know a woman having an attachment for an old bonnet?
[PUNCH.]

A gentleman who was asked what he intended to do with his girls, said he meant to "apprentice them to their mother." It is not every woman who can be safely entrusted with her own daughters.

In olden times, women were prohibited from marrying until they had spun a set of bed furniture, and hence they were called spinters until they were married. Now-a-day they spin street-yarn.

Editorial.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

In this number of the "Aurora," we commence redeeming the pledges made in the last; in that we promised a better quality of paper, if possible, and some illustrations, drawn and engraved in our own city; and here they are; the design was drawn by Miss Annie Perdue—of the house of Miss M. Perdue, who has a fine and fashionable establishment of millinery and dressmaking, on Main street, No. 326, from whom may be obtained the various styles and fashions suitable for the Southern Confederacy. The Misses Perdue are recently from Baltimore. Ladies visiting Memphis should give them a call.

The engraving was executed by Ellis & Maffett, 282 Main street, up stairs; where they are prepared to do work on short notice, either on wood, copper, or steel. Thus you see what Lincoln is doing for us already, by his prohibitions; and if he will only continue them long enough, this Southern Confederacy will be one of the most independent and happy people on earth. Everything connected with our magazine is Southern, except a few old contributors, who, we presume, will soon bid us farewell, either from principle or compulsion. Our next number, perhaps, will contain eighty pages.

W. S. PERRY.

Whilst the ingenuity of every department of the family circle, is being brought into requisition, to curtail family expenses, there is none more important than that of the governess of every household; and in order to aid such, we propose, hereafter, under the head of a special department, to be called the "Mother's Department," to give such instructions and receipts, as, if faithfully practiced, will enable all such to save annually ten times the subscription price of the

"Aurora," and at the same time promote the health and happiness of their families.

But as we have but little space in this number, all that we can do will be to give a few examples, in order that the design of the department may be understood. It is the intention to enlarge the next number, if we can make arrangements for paper.

W. S. PERRY.

SOUTHERNERS SUBSCRIBE TO IT.

Since we have discarded northern periodical literature, the question is asked—where can we supply ourselves in the Confederate States? The answer is—send for the "Southern Rural Gentleman," the great Agricultural, Literary and News Weekly of the Confederate States. It challenges comparison with any other of its class. It is a large and elegant eight-page quarto, having a large and able corps of Agricultural and Literary contributors—published weekly at \$2 per annum. Address

DAVIS & STRATHAM,

Grenada, Miss.

We clip the above from the "Southern Literary Companion," and beg permission to make the following amendment, viz: That whilst the gentlemen shall subscribe for the "Rural Gentlemen," for themselves and families, as a weekly paper, that they also subscribe for the "Aurora," a monthly literary magazine of high-toned moral sentiment; especially for the interest of Southern ladies. Who will second the motion? Speak out by subscribing.

W. S. PERRY.

BOOK NOTICE.

We have had laid before us this week a small publication entitled "The Dental Messenger," by Dr. J. B. Wosson, which treats of a subject highly interesting to families generally, viz: that of knowing how to preserve, beautify, and keep the natural teeth in perfect health during life. And as the book is for gratuitous distribution, people having teeth would do well to call and get a copy, and if they have none, they had better call and examine the new material in which the Doctor is now imbedding teeth, and looks finely. His office is corner of Main and Union streets, No. 320, up stairs.

W. S. PERRY.

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THE AURORA



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MEMPHIS, TENN.

H. B. Folk & W. S. Perry, Publishers.

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{ HENRY B. FOLK, Memphis, Tenn.
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D. A. HOLMAN, *Editor.*

{ EDWIN HERIOT, Charleston, S. C. }
(Associate Editor.)

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